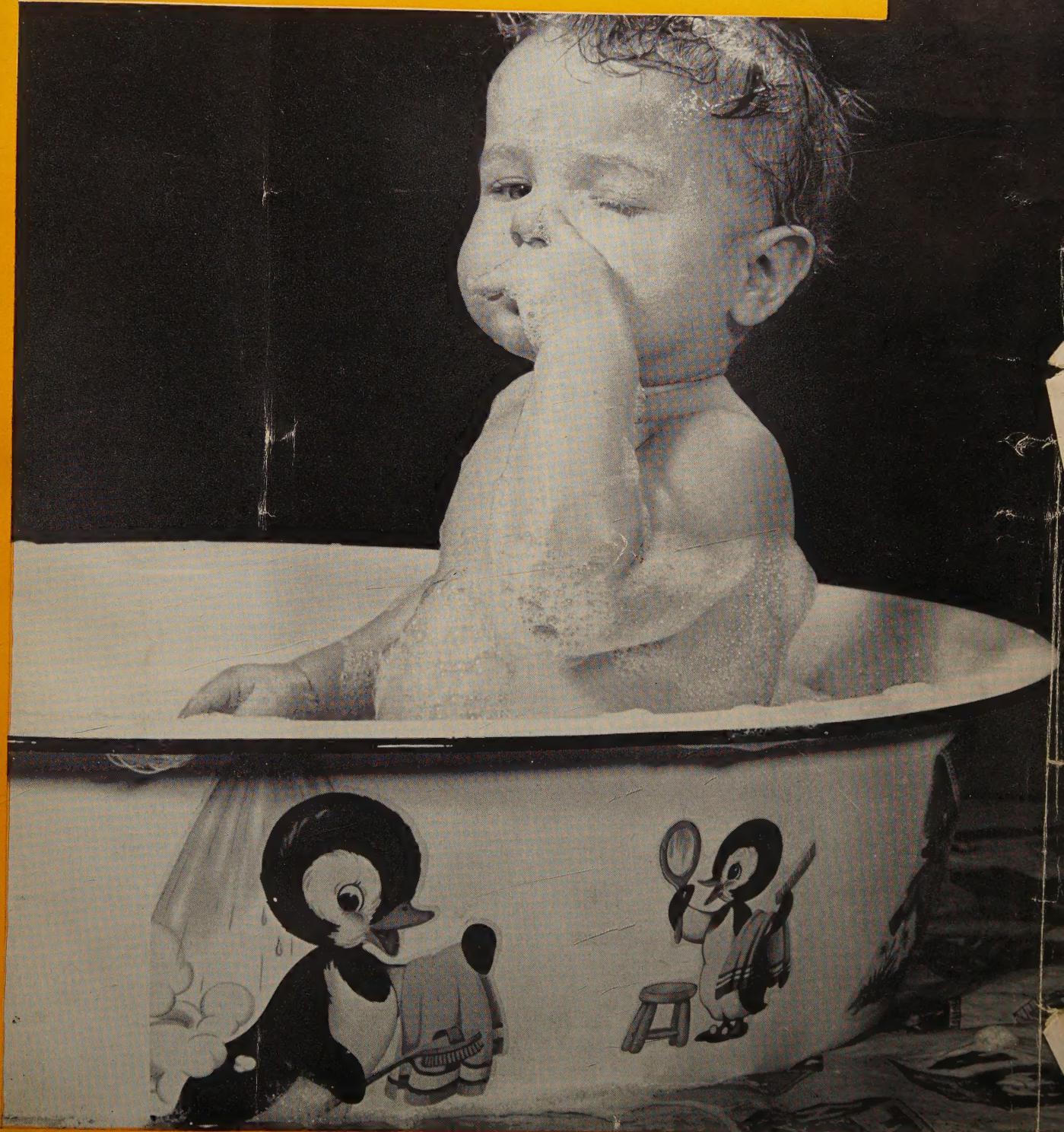


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The **H** Magazine for the Christian Home
Hearthstone



- Share Your Home—**Esther Miller Payler**
- Mind If We Watch?—**Estelle Mason**

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JANUARY, 1956—25c

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The Magazine for the Christian Home
Hearthstone

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Contents

ARTICLES

| | | |
|---|-----------------------------|----|
| We'll Take Them in Stride | Leslie R. Dunkin | 2 |
| Making Missions Live at Home | Frances Hill | 4 |
| Share Your Home | Esther Miller Payler | 6 |
| How They Lost Him | W. G. Montgomery | 10 |
| Mind If We Watch? | Estelle Mason | 12 |
| Let Your Children Teach You to Ease God's Tasks | Ruth Cummings Sanborn | 15 |
| Family Friends | Nancy Brewer | 20 |
| The Family Can Live Together (Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups) | Jesse Wester | 22 |
| The Home I'd Like | Darlene, Muriel, and Elaine | 26 |
| Comfort for the Convalescent | Dorothy Prather | 30 |

FICTION

| | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------|----|
| It's Only a Name | Sue H. Wollam | 7 |
| Story for Children | | |
| Collie Pup Grows Up | Carol Conner | 18 |

FEATURES

| | | |
|---|------------------|----|
| The World at Your Front Door | 1 | |
| A Time Party for the New Year | Loie Brandom | 9 |
| Photograms | Michael Kosinski | 16 |
| Worship in the Family with Children | | 19 |
| Biblegram | Hilda E. Allen | 25 |
| Family Counselor | Donald Maynard | 29 |
| Books for the Hearthside | | 31 |
| Over the Back Fence | | 32 |

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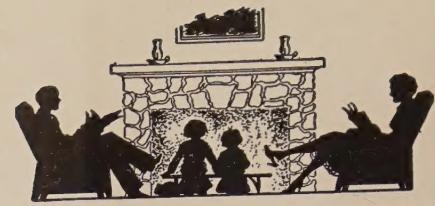
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Are You an Egotist?

We all know people who strut around with an "I'm-pretty-proud-of-myself" air. These people are extremely satisfied with themselves as they are, and they have no desire to evaluate their faults or try to correct them. (Indeed, they are quite sure that they have no faults. It's the rest of the world that's all wrong.)

The beginning of a new year is the ideal time to analyze yourself. What have you done that's really worth while during the past year? Have you worked for your church? Have you made anyone's life a little bit happier? How about personal traits? Are all of yours desirable, or are you honest enough to admit that a few changes could be made?

No one holds in high esteem the person with a "look-at-me-I'm-pretty-important" attitude. In fact, an egotist is a rather obnoxious fellow. If you're a person with a supernumerary amount of sterling qualities, let *other* people sing your praises. Don't sing them yourself. If you find that you're not the person that you would like to be, remember that you have a whole new year to improve.

What's Here? Triplet articles that you won't want to miss are "The Home I'd Like," written by three girls without families.

"Someday we shall explore the glamorous, far-off places, but until then we are exploring our own environment," says Estelle Mason in her article "Mind If We Watch?" Mrs. Mason and her family have found that their own "neck of the woods" is full of fascinating places to visit. After reading this article, we're sure that you will have the urge to visit the interesting places in your own community.

If you wish to create more harmony and fellowship in your home, read "The Family Can Live Together," by Jesse M. Wester.

Most arguments aren't over really serious matters. It's usually trivial things that start full-fledged disagreements. "It's Only a Name," our fiction for this month, shows how a relatively insignificant discrepancy turns two nice but stubborn young people into howling hoydens.

The kiddies will like "Collie Pup Grows Up," by Carol Conner.

What's Coming? Titles to look for are "Teaching Your Children Worldmindedness," "Talk Your Christianity," "Are They Only Obstacle Illusions?", and many others.

Be seeing you.

S. W.

THE WORLD

● Stones from Everywhere in New Church

Washington, D. C.—Stones from famous churches and shrines over the world have been incorporated in the new building of First Baptist Church here. The \$2,000,000 edifice is just being completed.

Edward Hughes Pruden, pastor, said stones are included from Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral in London, a church destroyed in the atom-bombing of Hiroshima, and churches in England, Africa, Germany, Argentina, and Mars Hill in Athens, Greece.

Hand-wrought iron nails from Roger Williams' first meetinghouse at Providence, R. I., were used in the construction of the church.

"We feel that in this way we are demonstrating that we are part of the world-wide Christian community," Dr. Pruden said.

Another feature of the new church will be a series of stained-glass windows depicting the life and work of Christian leaders of all denominations.

● Congress to Probe "Religious Junk" Racket

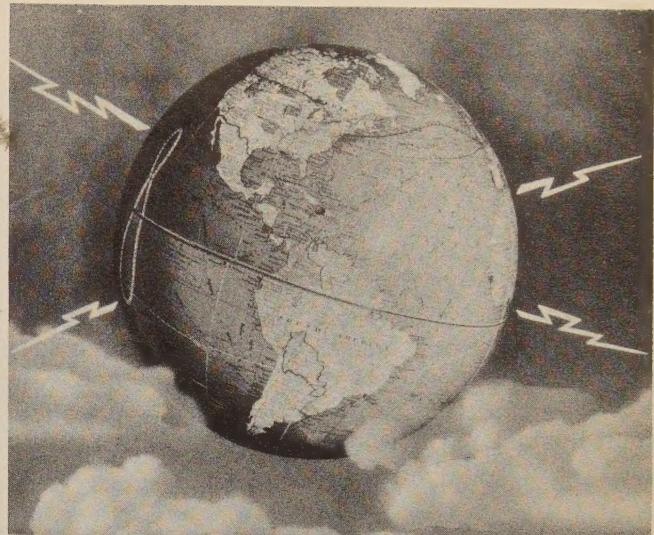
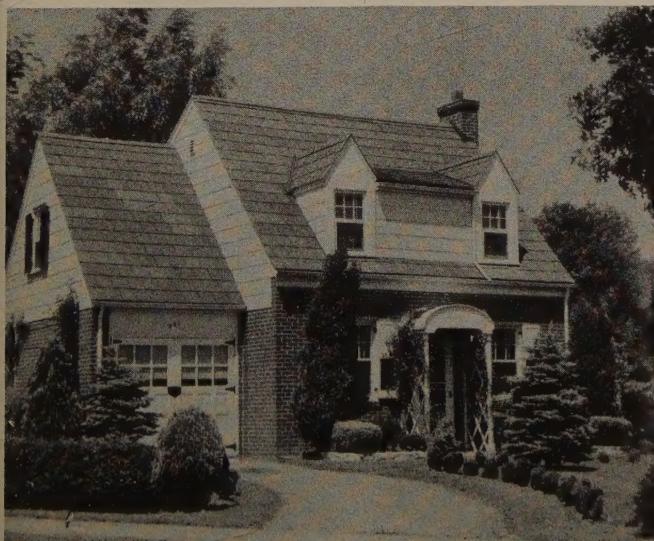
Washington, D. C.—A Congressional investigation of the "religious junk" racket promoted by dealers who mail unsolicited "religious articles" to American householders with a request for payment will be conducted at Miami, Fla.

Benjamin and Henry Kram, owners of Ex-GI-Plastics, were charged with sending a circular with unsolicited religious articles that misrepresented the truth by implying that the articles came from a "veteran disabled to such an extent as to be forced to seek charity or is unable to earn his living by any other means." It has been established that the veteran named suffers from only a ten per cent disability as rated by the Veterans Administration.

● Old Folks Make Communists Backtrack

Berlin—The story of how 900 inmates of a state-operated old folks home in Wittstock, Soviet Union, forced the Communists to rescind an antireligious regulation was disclosed here.

H. Armstrong Roberts



H. Armstrong Roberts

Local Communist authorities had ordered that the holding of services in the institution was to be discontinued. They also decreed that clergymen could not visit any of the old people, without a special authorization by the manager of the home in each case.

The 700 Evangelical and 200 Catholic inmates kicked up such a fuss about the measures that Communist officials were compelled to revoke them.

● Warns on Atomic Power Development

Geneva, Switzerland—Dr. George K. A. Bell, Anglican Bishop and honorary president of the World Council of Churches, warned here that the push to develop atomic power "even for peaceful uses" may easily create "intolerable tensions" unless international co-operation replaces competition. He urged the setting up of an international agency that would develop and operate atomic energy.

"These cruelties need atonement by acts of special beneficence involving sacrifice," he said. "For the United Nations, as the originator of this international conference, to secure the supply of power for peaceful purposes on an adequate scale for the countries which are least developed and need power most, would be making atonement."

Bishop Bell spoke at a Service of Intercession here for the United Nations Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy.

● Urge Federation of World Religions

Tokyo—Formation of a Federation of World Religions was proposed in a resolution adopted at a Conference of World Religionists held here in Japan's International Peace House. The resolution said that an international, intercreedal council is needed to "channel the energies of all religions toward permanent co-operation in the fields of world peace and betterment of social conditions."

Toyohiko Kagawa was among the sponsors of the conference.

AT YOUR
FRONT DOOR

WE'LL take them in stride!" was the promise we gave to each other more than twenty-five years ago, before we made the expected promise of "I do!" before our favorite minister. As golden as the future seemed to be for us then, we knew only too well that our marriage and our future home could expect many unexpected surprises. We were determined to try to take all of them in stride so that no matter what might happen the members of our home and family would find a warm Christian welcome. There would be no "closed door" at our house. The "welcome mat" would stay in front of each door.

"We're expecting a little newcomer!" We soon excitedly told our friends. "We can hardly wait until the arrival!"

"We had married to have a home. How can there be a real home without children?"

H. Armstrong Roberts



We had married to have a home. How can there be a real home without children? What is more, we were as thrilled and excited about the arrival of each of our four children as we were for that first baby. None of them was a serious intrusion into our life plans. We were determined to take them in happy stride. Never would they feel in our home that they were in the way. They would always be welcome!

Thus, our children early learned to love their home, because they had continual evidence that their home loved them at all times. They never encountered any "get-out-of-my-way!" attitude.

A smile of appreciation spread over our faces, and our hearts warmed when we heard our children volunteer, "We like you the best of any parents we've

We'll
TAKE THEM

seen, for you live with us. We don't just live in your house."

With four lively children in our family, we knew only too well that we could not expect our busy home life to move along without interruptions. We could not keep them from coming, but they could be kept from being unpleasant for us by our taking them in stride.

"Do you know what Dorthea has done?" one of the children hurried into the house to ask us one day.

"No!" was our quick reply with a friendly smile. "We don't want to hear what she has done, until she comes and tells us all about it herself."

We refused to let any of them become a tale-bearer and to become an unwelcome detective ourselves. Dorthea soon came in herself and told us about all of it. We talked it over together, and she decided what she should do to correct the mistake she had made.

All four of our children tried their hand at smoking at the age when they thought it made them more sophisticated to smoke. Then came their own decision, one by one, "If it takes a nasty, unhealthy habit like that to seem to be 'sophisticated,' I'd rather not be!"

We had reported to them, that no matter what their personal choice might be, we would not turn our home into a "smokehouse" or into a night club or tavern for either them or any of their friends. They would need to learn to respect others. Those who preferred to smoke and drink, soon dropped out of the groups who came to our home from time to time. The better type of friends soon took their places, and we all were very happy about that.

When our children came to the age to decide what they wanted for their lifework, each had quite wild notions at first. We discussed their ideas with them and offered other ideas for their possible consideration. Then we let them work those ideas out for them-

*The story of a couple who decided to have
a happy marriage in spite of life's unexpected
events. "C'est la vie!" the French would say.*

by Leslie E. Dunkin

At another time one of our children begged us not to spank her since nobody had seen her do anything wrong. Our first question and assurance were, "Did you do it? What did you do? We'll not spank you for what you do, but we will spank you for saying you did not do what you know you did. The worst thing you can do is to tell or act a lie!" After they would tell voluntarily what had been done, we would talk it over together to decide what should be done to make it easier to remember the next time.

Friends would be found, and plans would be made. That would be the opportunity and responsibility for our children. All we could hope to do as parents was to help to guide them by "remote controlling" influence. We refused to object directly to any of their choices of friends. We expanded our family circle to include all of them. We were especially friendly toward those about whom we had a serious question. It was not long before our children themselves saw the difference. Either their friends changed their pattern of life or drifted away completely from our big family circle.

Our hearts as parents beamed with pride when voluntarily at one of our noon meals, one of our chattering children spoke up as seriously and sincerely as any grown adult, "Mom and Dad, we're proud that neither of our parents smokes or drinks!"

selves. One child had to take an extra year at college before waking up to what really was best. The first choice had been to become a pharmacist, and yet he disliked chemistry and found it difficult. A year of "flunking" in chemistry was necessary to raise a serious question as to the preference of becoming a pharmacist.

"Don't hit the ceiling when I tell you what happened at the university," one of our children warned us. "I wasn't supposed to tell you, but I thought you should know."

One of the children had decided to leave school on a pretext and not return home for a number of years until the trouble had died out. We were heartbroken, but we put a stop to the plans under way.

"Children!" we smiled bravely. "We have been preparing ourselves to take unexpected surprises in stride; so we'll do it with this—and with anything like it or worse! We want all of you to know for a fact that the doors of our home and our arms of love will be open to you as members of our family no matter what happens. We want to love you through your problems and difficulties."

That was easier said than done, but all of us and our Christian home were much stronger because together we were continually learning to take life in Christian stride.

making



live at home

Mrs. Jones sat at the kitchen table, her head in her hands. No, she did not have a headache, but she did want to think about a certain subject. The best way for Mrs. Jones to think was to avoid getting into a too comfortable position. Her thinking really began at a meeting at the church the night before. Then this morning, after taking her four-year-old son David to kindergarten and seeing eight-year-old Kathy and eleven-year-old Carl off to school, Mrs. Jones popped the dirty clothes into the washer, and sat down to think about what that guest leader said at church last night. She had spoken of many things, but the phrases Mrs. Jones remembered most vividly were "Missions will live for children, if they live for their parents and teachers"; and "Missionary education begins at home."

Mrs. Jones thought with tenderness of her husband and asked herself, "Do missions mean anything to John and me? Do we make missions live for the children? Has missionary education really begun in our home?"

Perhaps you, too, are trying to think through some of the same problems that were facing Mrs. Jones and her family.

Do Your Attitudes Show?

In the booklet, *Our Family and the World Family*, by Idalene M. Raab, the author titles one of the sections this way: "Pardon Me! Your Attitudes Are Showing!" It's a good title, is it not? Are your attitudes showing? Mrs. Raab goes on to say: "Two types of teaching take place in family life—the 'planned teaching experiences' and 'teaching unawares.' The latter has a far greater influence and should cause us, as parents, great concern. The way employees are treated, the way we refer to those of other nationalities ('Chinks,' 'Dagos,' 'Niggers'—not in a Christian home, surely!), the raised eyebrow or the understanding look between adults—all these convey feelings rather than the words we say. Teaching

takes place as the family sits around the table, when they go shopping or riding or visiting neighbors. We are even teaching by our indifference to world concerns, our actions suggesting 'This isn't very important to me. Don't bother me with it!' It is much easier to talk about brotherly love than it is to practice it. Children and young people are quick to sense the attitudes of parents and judge whether words and actions are in harmony."*

Attitudes are very important, and children are quick to catch bad ones, as well as good ones. It is always well to remember that people change and that change should bring growth. As children begin to think for themselves, they may change the attitudes acquired at home. This could bode good or evil. Wise and loving counsel, as well as wise and loving examples of living, is necessary in every home!

Understanding Comes with Experience

What are some of the things that you and your children do together? Do you play games? If so, do you ever mention the fact that boys and girls around the world like to play games, perhaps some of the favorite ones of children in other parts of the world? The book, *Children's Games from Many Lands*, by Nina Millen is a good book for children to have.

While at the supermarket, have you ever suggested that the older children in your family might discover where some of the food comes from? Oh, yes, it takes time, and we always seem to be in a hurry; but it also takes time to acquire understanding through experience. It is really fun at mealtime to eat your way around the world. Besides being fun, it is a good opportunity to develop an appreciation for those who plant and harvest food at home and abroad.

The use of music at home is another experience through which

**Our Family and the World Family*, by Idalene M. Raab.

children and their parents can develop understanding of others. Have the members of your family ever made instruments out of such articles as kettles, saws, and combs? A family band is fun, and a family band can play music from other countries. Such a song as "Congo Lullaby" from *The Whole World Singing*, by Edith Lovell Thomas, would certainly lend itself to a performance by the family band. As the members of your family play and sing this Congo lullaby, you can, in imagination, identify yourselves with families in the Congo. Another book, *Songs Children Like*, compiled by the Association for Childhood Education International, contains many songs that families enjoy singing together.

Pictures and books offer excellent opportunities for making missions live at home. Boys and girls enjoy having pictures in their own bedrooms, as well as in other rooms of the home. Some of the pictures could be the work of artists around the world. Christmas is a special time of the year, and several world-wide artists have drawn and painted their interpretations of its rich meaning.

There is no end to the number of books that could be suggested to help develop and nurture the spirit of world Christian brotherhood in our homes. Every year Friendship Press brings out interesting and attractive reading books for children of all ages. Any of these books can be secured through your own church publishing house.

In what other projects do you engage as a family to help develop understanding of others around the world? Too many families overlook the wealth that is gained through entertaining in their homes friends from other parts of the world, as well as those engaged in Christian work in our own land. It is so easy to put an extra plate on the table, to plan some kind of thoughtful experience for others. Why do we not do it more often? Is it because it requires too much effort? Or is it because we are a bit timid or even fearful to venture forth upon such an en-

terprise? The worth-while results of such an experience to your family and to your guests far exceed any amount of effort or fear that might be involved.

Has your family ever attended a dinner at a Christian center? If not, then why not plan to do so? Such plans need to be discussed as a family group. It is well to prepare children so that they will enjoy new friends. One visit will lead to more in the future, which, in turn, should lead to a deeper understanding of world-wide Christian brotherhood.

Have you ever thought about visiting some mission stations on

your vacation? Many families do. Children's horizons, and yours, too, would be pushed back, leaving space for feelings and expressions of appreciation—not only for the work of Christian missions, but for many kinds of new friends.

Ask yourself, as Mrs. Jones asked herself, what are you doing to make missions live at home? Do your attitudes show and are they the kind that should show? Are you trying to help the members of your family develop Christian world understanding through varied family experiences? Of course you are! Keep it up! The world and the church need *you*!

by Frances M. Hill

Pinney from Monkmeyer

Missions have real meaning for children if they can see people in some of our own missions.



SHARE your home!

by Esther Miller Payler

YOUR family says, "This is *our* home!"

But wait! Does your home really belong to you? I am not asking you if your house is paid for. I am trying to remind you of that which all of us have a way of forgetting so easily. That is, that everything belongs to God. "The world and the fullness thereof" are his. We know whatever

photo by erb



we have, including our homes, is only lent to us for our use and for his honor and glory.

We are only stewards. Remember the stewards of the parables of Jesus? One buried his talent in a napkin, so that it did not help him or anyone else. Jesus thought this steward was unworthy. He praised the stewards who used and multiplied their talents. We learn something important from this about our homes and their use. If our homes are dedicated to the real Owner, we will share them. This will not only bless others. It will make us happier and give us more enjoyment and pleasure in our homes.

You can share your home by inviting those who cannot return your hospitality. For instance, a Christian woman, when asked recently why she was not at a meeting, said, "I was preparing a birthday party for Mr. Jenks. Mr. Jenks is a childless widower who lives in a drab room, preparing his meals in his room or eating in restaurants." How many in the church he regularly attends ever share their meals and homes with him? It would mean so little effort on their part, but it would mean so much to him in making his life happier. Many people are just thoughtless about sharing their homes.

Another home invites different women from a home for the aged, for the Sunday noon meal and then shares the afternoon with them.

One family invites foreign students from a nearby school to share a meal and an evening with the family once a week. Not only does this family have friends in

many parts of the world of students who have returned home, but the children have learned much geography first hand, and it has widened their horizons.

Another family invites children from an orphanage to spend a week or two in their home. Often these children are invited for the week end to be guests of the children in the family, who are about the same age.

A family living in a large city, where many people move in and out of the neighborhood, visits the new family and invites them to their home, either for an evening of games, talk, and refreshments, or a backyard picnic. Many strangers have been blessed by this family's interest, and some have been brought into the fellowship of their church.

A middle-aged couple, whose only son is in the army, open their home every Saturday night to the young people of their church. Not only are the young people given wholesome enjoyment, but these people are spared loneliness, in their concern for others and in sharing their beautiful home.

Holidays are an especially unhappy and lonely time to many old people, or those whose families are scattered. Sharing your home with such people is a truly Christian act. Adopting them into your family circle shows your belief in "He hath set the solitary in families."

I know one woman with a very fine home, who will never open it to any church meeting. She does not wish to be bothered, or to have anything disturbed in her perfect picture. Another home in the community is very humble and even shabby, but all groups of the church, large or small, young or old, are free to hold committee meetings or any kind of gathering there. Everyone who enters that home feels warmly welcomed. Christ is truly the head of that house.

Look around you in your church, in your neighborhood, and in your church institutions. You will find so many with whom to share your home. If you start, you will find such a blessing in this sharing.

(Continued on page 28)

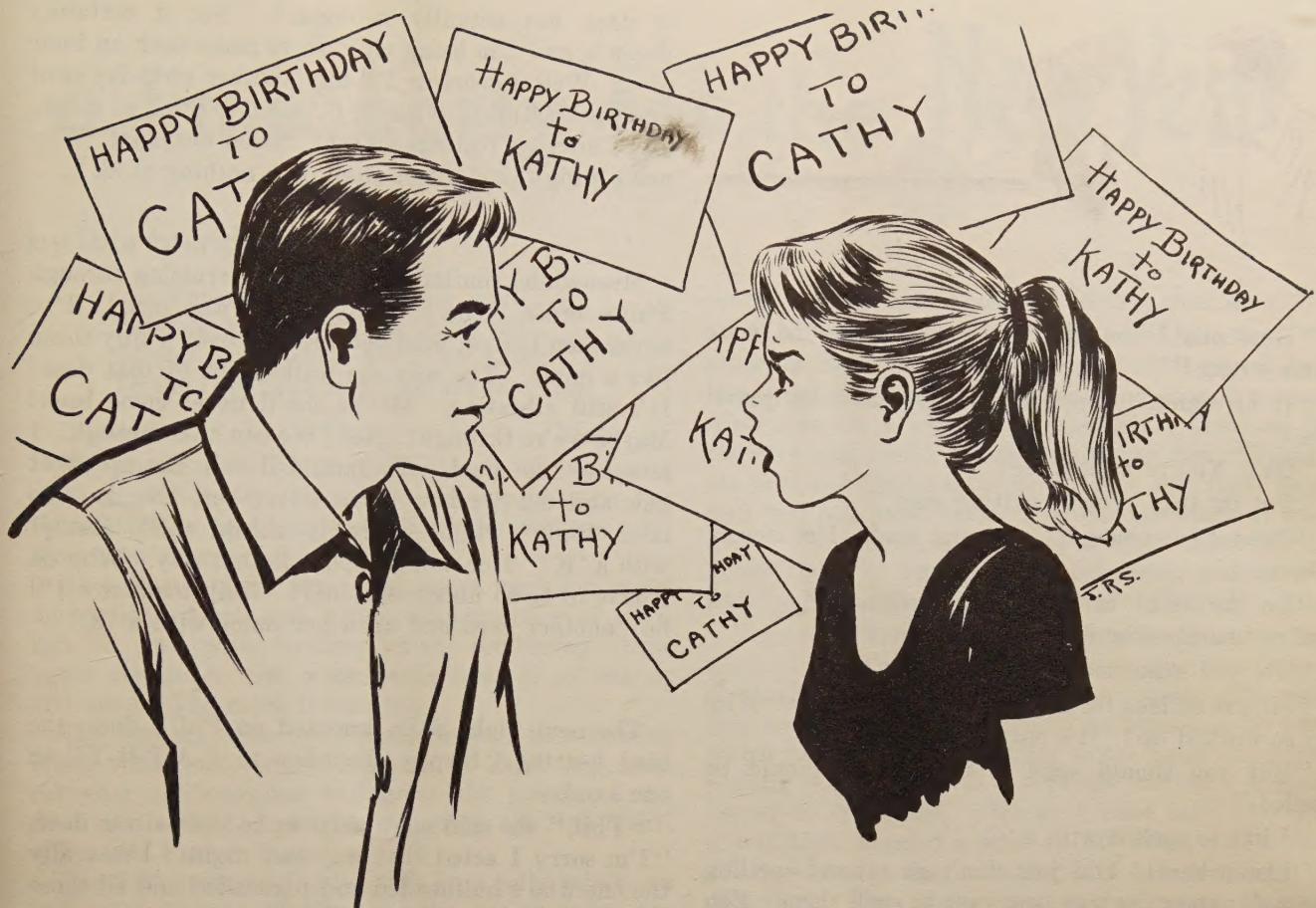


illustration by John R. Steiger

"Hey!" Sally said critically. "You're spelling her name wrong. It should begin with a 'K'."

It's Only a Name

by Sue H. Wollam

SALLY and Phil were putting the finishing touches on two birthday packages for Phil's niece Kathy.

"There!" Sally said with satisfaction as she adjusted the bow on her package. "I hope she likes this doll. I would have given my eye teeth to have had one like it when I was her age."

Phil smiled indulgently at his fiancee. "Sweetheart, you know that Kathy would like anything that you gave her, even if it was a tool chest."

Sally took a gay little birthday card and wrote in neat, fine print, "Happy Birthday to K-A-T-H-Y." Then she tucked it under the ribbon of the package.

"Well, I'm all done," she informed Phil. "Hurry up, you slowpoke!"

"I'm almost done, too," he replied. "I just have

to write her name on this birthday card." He took his fountain pen and in bold, round letters printed, "Happy Birthday to C-A-T-H-Y."

"Hey!" Sally said critically. "You're spelling her name wrong. It should begin with a 'K'."

"Well, old Uncle Phil likes a 'C' better," said Phil, placing the card underneath the ribbon of his package.

"But her name is really 'Kathleen' spelled with a 'K'."

"Really?" Phil said with mock sarcasm. "I thought it was Fremolia Frump."

"Oh, be serious!" Sally said disgustedly. "You should spell her name correctly."

"Sweetheart," Phil said, ruffling Sally's hair, "I have many idiosyncrasies, and this is one of them."



"How would you like it if someone spelled your name wrong?"

"If he wants to spell it wrong, that's his privilege!"

"Oh! You're impossible!"

"Tut tut tut! You're getting mad."

"Tut tut tut yourself! I'm not mad. I'm merely disgusted."

"Do the veins in your neck always bulge when you're 'merely disgusted'?"

"Oh, you make me simply furious!"

Phil was serious for a moment. "But honey! Why get so worked up? It's only a name!"

"But you should spell it the way it should be spelled."

"I like to spell it with a 'C.'"

"Listen here! You just don't go around spelling people's names the way *you* want to spell them. You spell them the way that *they* spell them."

Phil laughed. "For an editor you have just constructed a lousy sentence."

"Now, you're trying to change the subject," Sally exploded.

"Well, why shouldn't I?" Phil retorted. "This is certainly a silly argument—all over a stupid name."

"If you weren't so pigheaded, we wouldn't be having an argument now," Sally shouted.

"So I'm pigheaded, eh?"

"Yes, you are. And—and you're bullheaded, too."

Phil quipped, "Then you certainly didn't fall in love with me for my looks."

"I sometimes wonder why I did fall in love with you." Sally started toward the door. "I'm leaving, Phil Wallace. I've had enough of your nonsense for one evening." Then she left, slamming the door shut.

When Sally got home, she dropped disgustedly onto the bed. That moron! He doesn't have a serious bone in his body. You just didn't spell people's names wrong on purpose. After all, I'm a journalist, and I know about those things. Besides, 'Kathy' looks prettier spelled with a 'K.' Everyone knows that. Everyone . . . but Phil likes it spelled with a 'C.' Are my reasons for wanting the name to be spelled with a 'K' purely selfish ones? No, they aren't! It *should* be spelled with a 'K.' But maybe it really doesn't matter so much. Well, theoretically

it does, but actually it doesn't. No, it certainly doesn't, and I'm being childish to make such an issue of it. Well, tomorrow I'll buy another birthday card and spell 'Kathy' with a 'C.' I love Phil so much, and I hurt his feelings tonight. Good heavens! Why make a big thing out of absolutely nothing at all? . . .

* * * * *

Meanwhile, similar thoughts were cruising through Phil's brain. Boy! Sally really was mad! I've never seen her get mad before—and over a silly thing like a name. The way she walked out of that door! It's still vibrating. Maybe she'll never come back! Maybe we're through! No! We can't be through. I love her too much. In fact, I'll call her up right now and tell her how much I love her. No, it's too late. Sally's right. I really should spell 'Kathy' with a 'K.' Her mother spells it that way. Why do I have to be so unconventional? Well, tomorrow I'll buy another card and spell her name with a 'K.'

* * * * *

The next night Sally knocked on Phil's door, the card bearing "Happy Birthday to C-A-T-H-Y" in one hand.

"Phil," she said contritely, as he opened the door, "I'm sorry I acted that way last night. I'm really the one who's bullheaded and pigheaded and all those other nasty things I called you."

"Sally," said Phil, "I deserved to be called those things." He continued. "I spent some time thinking about it last night, and I want to show you something."

Sally followed him into the dining room where the two birthday packages lay on the table. There, on Phil's package was a new card with "Happy Birthday to K-A-T-H-Y" printed on it.

Sally stared at the card briefly. Then she began to laugh, and soon her laughter was mingled with sobs.

"Oh, Phil!" she cried. "We're both idiots. I spent some time thinking, too, and I came over tonight to bring another card." She handed Phil the card with "Happy Birthday to C-A-T-H-Y" printed on it.

Phil laughed uproariously. Then he became serious. "You silly little goose!" he said tenderly. "I love you."

"I love you, too, Phil."

"We'll change the names on both cards to a 'K,'" he said.

"No, we'll change them to a 'C.'"

"K."

"C."

"Tut tut, dear lady. Are we starting to argue again?"

"Tut tut! I do believe we are." Sally kissed Phil on the cheek. "We'll leave the cards the way they are, darling. After all, it's only a name!"

a time party for the New Year

by loie brandom

Old Father Time will greet you
Baby New Year will be there too;
At our party where we'll say adieu,
To the Old Year and welcome the New.

| Date | Time | Place |
|------|------|-------|
|------|------|-------|

The above verse written with black ink on white clock-shaped cards conveys to the guests-to-be the theme for the party, as well as all the necessary information concerning the event.

As a change from the usual colors used for party decorations, black and white, with touches of gold, can be used with striking effect, combining crepe paper streamers with clocks and pieces of all shapes and sizes. The more the better.

The host, or some other man, dressed in a flowing black robe, long white whiskers, a skull cap, and carrying an hourglass will greet the guests at the door, and a child, dressed to represent the New Year, will assist Father Time.

The first game on the list will be a jolly mixer we will call Timely Words. As the guests enter the play room, pin on each one a large letter of the alphabet. There should be several extra vowel letters. A judge is chosen who explains to the guests that they are to spell words with their letters, and each word they are able to form they may write down on their slip of paper. Thus the letter "I" could hook arms with "T," then they appear before the judge with the word IT. When the judge nods approval, they each write that word on their slip of paper and go in search of another letter to make another word. If they find a "B" they take it on and have the word BIT. After this word is approved and written down they may find an "E" and form the word BITE and so on. When groups have spelled out their words, however, they may break up and form new groups, each one always writing down on his paper the word just completed. Two prizes may be awarded in this game, one going to the person having taken part in the formation of the most words, and the other going to the guest who has used the most letters in his collection of words.

Time in Other Terms. This is a game in which the players try to express in terms other than by the use of the usual words of minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years. Each guest is given a slip of paper on which is written one question. The questions may be something like the following: How long has it been since you graduated from high school? How long does it take you to drive from your home to your place of business? How long does it take you to bake a cherry pie? Or shovel the snow? And so on. It does not make much difference if a man re-

ceives the question about the cherry pie, or a girl, about shoveling the snow. They still can work out amusing answers to the questions such as: I have been graduated from high school long enough to know what a snook I was when I thought I knew all the answers and could set the world on fire. It takes me four red lights, three green ones, one right hand, and two left hand turns to reach my place of business. I can start a cherry pie when the sun rises above the lilac bush at my back door, and have it finished by the time the boy delivers the groceries, etc.

Points of Time. Have ready a large clock face made of white cardboard with the numbers and hands sketched on with black charcoal or crayon. The numbers on the clock's face should be separated by lines which radiate from the center to the outer edge, thus placing each number in a separate section. A score-keeper is appointed. One at a time each player is blindfolded, handed a cane or yardstick, and turned about several times to make him lose his sense of direction. The player is then instructed to place the point of his cane in some section of the clock's face. This is where the fun begins. If any "blind" player succeeds in finding the clock while the leader is counting from one to ten, the number in the section to which he points is recorded to his credit by the scorekeeper. The player having the largest score at the end of the game wins the prize. The prizes for a party of this kind will be most appropriate if they have a connection with Time in some way or other. Hence, a small "traveling" clock, an illustrated calendar for the new year, a "yearbook" or diary would all be splendid. Toy watches may be awarded as "booby" prizes, one to each contestant who failed completely even to find the clock's face.

Time Turned Backward. When *Time* is spelled backward, it makes the word *emit*. Distribute pencils and paper and in an announced time, perhaps five minutes, see who can write down the longest list of words which will also form other words when spelled backward. For example: not-ton; part-trap; ten-net; mat-tam; are-era; was-saw; now-won; but-tub; and so on.

In all the games at a Time party where there is a limit of time placed on the playing, an alarm clock should be used for the starting and stopping of the games.

Timely Resolutions. Of course, no New Year's party would be complete without the making of resolutions to be kept in the coming year. So give your guests a chance to write down the personal resolution they have made which they consider is most

(Continued on page 28)

how they LOST him

by w. g. montgomery

Parents with children of any age should read this article. This is the story of a teen-age boy whose family, church, school, and community failed him.

I SAW this advertisement some time ago: "Lost: a boy. Liberal reward to anyone who might be able to notify parents as to his whereabouts." A full description of the boy, and his name and age were given, and the date when he was last heard from.

Looking over this advertisement, I decided to contact the parents, whose names and addresses were given, to try to find out if possible, why the boy had left his home.

Others, more alert than I, would be looking for him; and if I could only find out why he was lost, this knowledge might help other parents who had boys. The investigation at the source of the trouble would be an interesting study in

the psychology of boy life, and perhaps it would partially explain why more than fifty thousand boys drift away from their homes every year and are never heard of again.

Well, upon investigation, I found what I had expected, that his home had first of all lost him. He had been lost in the home before being lost *from* the home.

I found, indirectly of course, that his mother had been giving more attention to the house than to him. Keeping her house tidy was apparently more important than knowing the whereabouts of her son. In fact, I'm sure she was secretly glad when he wasn't around the house with his noise and dirty feet.

The house, of course, had to be

in perfect order when company came, and a boy is always disarranging things. So, this home had lost its only son. He had quit it for outside companions, for lodging places among lower-class families who were not so careful about disorder and dirt.

I discovered that this immaculately clean house hadn't been much of a home to him; it had lost its hold upon him, and I fear forever, for at this writing he has not been found.

Now, this lost boy has a sister, and while I found that she has been provided with a nice room of her own where her friends could come, no room or "den" had ever been offered to the boy as his very own where he could meet with his boy chums.

Having boys around caused the mother to have headaches, so she said; and the father never liked having a lot of boys loafing in the house. So, this lost boy had sought and found companions in back alleys, in secret trysting places, and in low-grade restaurants where loafing was welcomed. Thus, I discovered the home had lost him long before he wandered away.

The home had lost him because his parents were too busy to talk with him, to be his pals, and to share his interests. This boy, like all boys, wanted to love and be loved; he sought something; he didn't know just what, but simply stated, he wanted sympathy and a parental companionship that understands boys and their problems. Since his home didn't give him what he needed, he began to drift. What few family ties had bound him had now begun to break.

He had begun looking for something to satisfy his longings which the home had not supplied. There was a vacancy in his life which needed to be filled. I doubt if he knew just what it was, but it was there; an emptiness, a void, a lack of something to make his life full, interesting, and useful.

Being disappointed with his home life, he naturally sought sympathy and comradeship away from home. Of course, he had failed to find lasting satisfactions in these first adventures, which led to further ones, until at last, he

had left home for good, and the parents had advertised, "Lost: a boy."

In my investigation I further discovered that the school had lost him. Probably, the teacher was doing all she could for him, but a teacher can never take the place of parents. His parents had no contacts with the school. They knew nothing of their boy's progress, of his likes or dislikes.

They purchased what books he needed, and the mother had his meals ready and his clothes clean; but she knew nothing of his work. They never talked with him about the subjects he liked best, and since they were not interested, or at least showed no interest in his education, why should he? This, I think, is the way he reasoned.

Books were dry anyway, and since nobody seemed to care much about what he did, why not drop out of school altogether? So, one day he wasn't there. The school had lost him. I still wasn't satis-

fied, however, as to why he had run away without leaving a trace behind. I investigated further, and strange as it may seem, I discovered that the church, too, had lost him.

There was a time, I learned, when this boy never missed going to church. Somehow, though, nobody ever seemed to notice him. Everyone took it for granted that he would always be there because he had always been there. Then somebody noticed he had been absent for several weeks. Why wasn't he absent sooner? I think he did well to attend church as long as he did.

Nobody had given him anything to do. The church had ignored him. For several years he had occupied the same seat. Probably, he was regarded as some sort of permanent fixture that needed no attention. He did need attention, however, because he could not remain content in that passive state forever.

Life could not always remain empty. He would have to be doing something, and if the church had nothing for him to do, he would look elsewhere for something. Unfortunately, the church did not seem much concerned when this boy failed to return.

I found, too, that the community had lost him, and would likely lose other boys unless conditions are changed. Why? Well, I found no organizations, clubs, or places of clean amusement for boys. The community had made no provisions for the social life of its boys. I did find places of questionable character, dives and dumps that catered to young life; but I never found a single reading room, library, or anything social that would appeal to the best in a boy.

Here was a community which had not properly valued its boys. Their most sacred wealth was going to waste. I met only one father and mother who seemed deeply

(Continued on page 28)

Teen-agers whose communities do not provide for their needs often congregate idly in public places.

photo by erb



MIND IF WE WATCH?

By Estelle Mason

PLEASE, sir, we have never seen a printing press. Would it be all right if we watch?" Dana asked.

"Sure, come right in, young fellow. Stand over there, not too close and don't touch anything."

So we did. Bradford, Dana, Pennie, and I watched the presses of the *Boston Globe* roll, the tremendous presses that print thousands of papers an hour. The boys caught one really "hot off the press."

"Is it all right if we watch?" So we watched the linotype men setting up type and saw the lead

pieces falling into place.

"What is your name? DANA? Here you are, Dana. You can take that home with you and print your own name on paper."

We are a family of explorers. Some day we shall explore the glamorous far-off places; but until then we are exploring our own environment. Brad is now 12, Dana, 9, Pennie, 14. For years our family has been finding much to interest us right here in our own neighborhood.

Our city of Newton, Mass., with 85,000 people, is primarily resi-

dential, with only three per cent of its area zoned for industry and commerce. Yet Newton has eighty-five industries: research establishments, factories, different kinds of businesses from a plastics factory to cement sewer pipes, paper products, bakeries, electronic laboratories, hospitals, banks, etc. All these places are interesting and exciting to explore.

Newton is a suburb seven miles from Boston. All of Boston's industry is available to the curious and interested person. All we have ever had to do to gain admission



We look into the machine which counts bacteria.

Estelle Mason

was merely to ask and show friendly interest.

Sometimes we plan a trip in advance; but mostly it just happens, for we are a curious bunch. One of our most pleasurable trips "just happened." It was a cloudy day and not warm enough for swimming.

"Come on, children. Let's go see what the Boston Fish Pier looks like." So by bus and streetcar we arrived at the pier. Thousands of pounds of fish were being unloaded from small boats. "Mind if we watch?" we asked at one open door along the pier. Haddock were being clamped by their tails to a conveyer belt, and as they moved along through stiff wire brushes, the scales were removed. Then the "clean" fish were conveyed to men who deftly fileted them, and swiftly the piles were packaged and conveyed to the freezing plant on the floor above. There, in midsummer, the workmen were dressed as though they were going to the Arctic. "Mind if we watch?" This is the generator room which supplies the power for the whole fish pier.

Then we went to the market district where the children were fascinated by the pushcarts piled high with fresh fruits and vegetables. "Mind if we watch?" we asked at an open door.

"Come on in. This is where we cut up the meat and package it for delivery to the stores. These big vats hold hams, and we cure other meat over there. The fat in those big barrels is sold to factories that make soap, and the bones are used to make fertilizer."

On the street again we watched a tall Jamaican unloading car-loads of green bananas. These huge bunches, as heavy as a man could lift, were hooked onto a conveyer belt which carried them for storage in a dark controlled-temperature room to ripen.

By this time the children were hungry; so we stepped into a small fruit store. There Dana started talking to a young sailor.

"Did you ever see the harbor from the top of the Custom House Building? I'll be glad to show it to you."

The sailor took the boys into the



Estelle Mason

The author with sons Dana and Bradford at the Deerfoot Milk Co. Empty bottles are being fed into machine which fills and caps them. One hundred thousand pounds of milk are processed here each day.



Estelle Mason

We watch empty cans being unloaded and carried by a conveyor at the Deerfoot Milk Co.

building, and Pennie and I waited and waited.

When they returned, we found out that the young sailor had been teaching Brad and Dana to make jets from paper toweling, and they were having a gay old time flying paper jets from a window on the eighteenth floor!

Often spur-of-the-moment investigations are the most rewarding. We did not plan to explore the bank. Brad happened to ask, "Please, could we see where you keep our money?" After the teller had several whispered conversations, the bank president himself took the children into the big vault and explained how the time clocks work.

We didn't plan to explore the hospital. Brad needed an X-ray. "I have never been in a hospital when I was well. Could we please see what it looks like?" Brad asked the doctor.

"You can't go upstairs where the sick people are. But what would you like to see?"

"Well, I had my appendix out when I was seven. Could I see what an appendix looks like?"

The doctor took us through the pathology lab. We saw how tissue specimens were stored and how various tests were made. We saw the X-ray labs, and we saw how blood was stored in the blood bank. The children will never fear a hospital now.

At the city hall health laboratory one day—"Your door was open. Mind if we watch?"—"This is the centrifuge. We use it to help count bacteria to see that all the milk you drink is healthy and free from disease. Look through this microscope. Those are bacteria."

We didn't plan to explore the dress factory. We didn't plan to explore the quarry. Daddy was driving by it on the way somewhere.

The Newton Chamber of Commerce has had industrial expositions at the high school in co-operation with local industries. The Massachusetts Department of Commerce is now sponsoring industrial tours with the co-opera-

tion of many factories and the American Automobile Association. Many towns and cities in other parts of the country do the same. All tours are free of charge.

In our state you can tour the Ford Somerville Assembly Plant where 1,600 employees will show you how 8,000 pieces, like a jigsaw puzzle, are put together. The synchronized operation is so skillfully planned that every minute and twenty seconds one car rolls off the assembly line.

At the Cluett, Peabody Co., Leominster, you can see how the famous Arrow shirts are made. Thousand of them are made every year. At the Worcester Pressed Steel Co. you can see intricate parts of modern machinery being manufactured. At other plants you can see candy-making on a huge scientific scale. At the most modern electronic plant in the world, CBS Hytron in Danvers, you can see, by appointment, 2,500 employees (ninety per cent women) turn out the miniature electronic tubes for radio and television.

At the Westinghouse Electric Co. in Springfield (one of forty-one plants throughout the country) you can see 3,000 employees making fans, vacuum cleaners, water coolers, food mixers, and many other household appliances.

It's a fact:

The word "biscuit" literally means "cooked twice."

If you wish to explore factories, labs, or any kind of business establishment, as we have done, here are a few suggestions. First, teach your children that they may ask all the questions they wish, but never, NEVER touch anything without permission. This goes for mother and father, too. Go in small groups. Take no more than two or three children at a time, as more than this is likely to be un-

manageable. And no roughnecks, please! Leave your tiny tot at home. The young child probably won't appreciate a precision lathe or a microscope. He might cause an accident or spoil your fun.

In our city Scouts and similar groups make industrial excursions. If you plan to take a group of youngsters, it is better to make an appointment in advance, and be sure that you have enough adult supervision. Six-year-olds will enjoy the fire station and the market district and the dairy where cows are milked by "vacuum cleaners." Eight-year-olds have more understanding and are mature enough to appreciate hospitals and laboratories.

Junior high and high school students will appreciate electronic plants and factories where precision instruments are made. Girls of any age will be delighted at the dress factory or at the plant where artificial flowers are made. Everyone will enjoy a walk through a commercial greenhouse.

Take your time. If you are in a hurry, you can't enjoy the meticulous scientific planning that goes into even the baking of a loaf of bread.

When you come away from a visit to a modern factory or laboratory, you will have had more than just a good time. You will have learned something new, and you will have a renewed faith in the tremendous scope of the human mind.

Our historical landmarks are likely to be a part of the children's schoolwork. Exploring nature is most fascinating. Exploring the factories and the labs where the modern way of life is made available to the great masses of the public is a vivid and exciting experience that has no equal.

"Please, sir, could we watch?" members of your family will want to ask many times. The yellow pages of your telephone book, the local Chamber of Commerce, the A.A.A., the Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs, the Lions Club, and the mayor's office will all offer suggestions as to where you will be welcome. Just knock on any door.

LET YOUR CHILDREN

TEACH YOU

to ease God's tasks

by

Ruth Cummings Sanborn

It was a snowy Sunday morning breakfast time. A veritable picture-postcard day outside our window, the kind that makes you think of feather pillows bursting their puffy seams.

I had become involved as usual with five children, boiled eggs, and the din that accompanies the rush of Sunday in the parsonage. Our eight-year-old son demanded his dad's attention.

"What is it Stephen?" his father asked.

"Are you going to talk to God today?"

"Yes, Stevie, I am, when I pray this morning. Why?"

"I've been thinking. Does he ever take a vacation?"

Dad's eyes twinkled, wondering what was coming next.

"I don't believe so, Stevie. Why do you ask?" his father queried.

"Well, I thought you could tell him if he'd like to go on a vacation, I'd love to go up and run the snow machine for him."

Silence. Then the other children burst into laughter.

But Stephen was serious. I watched my husband's face become thoughtful. A holiday for God! Not that Stephen could ever really run the "snow machine," but, what about God's holiday? If he had to depend on most of us, I thought, he'd never get time off.

We talked then about time off for God. Not a vacation, but time from us that he might have a lot more opportunity to help people



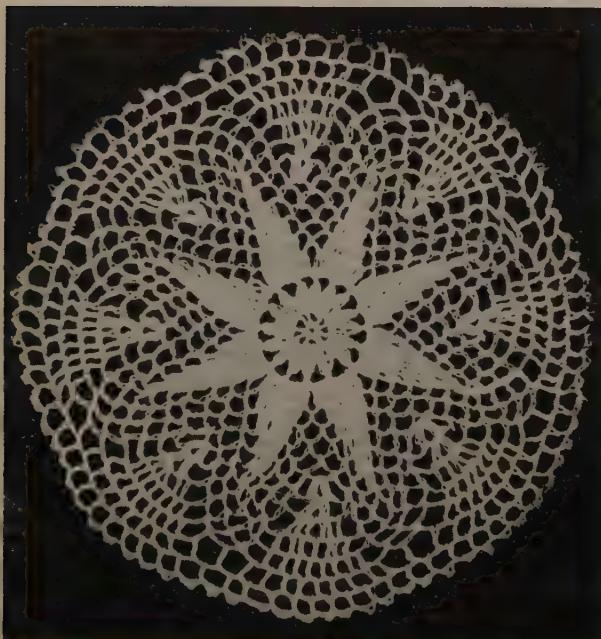
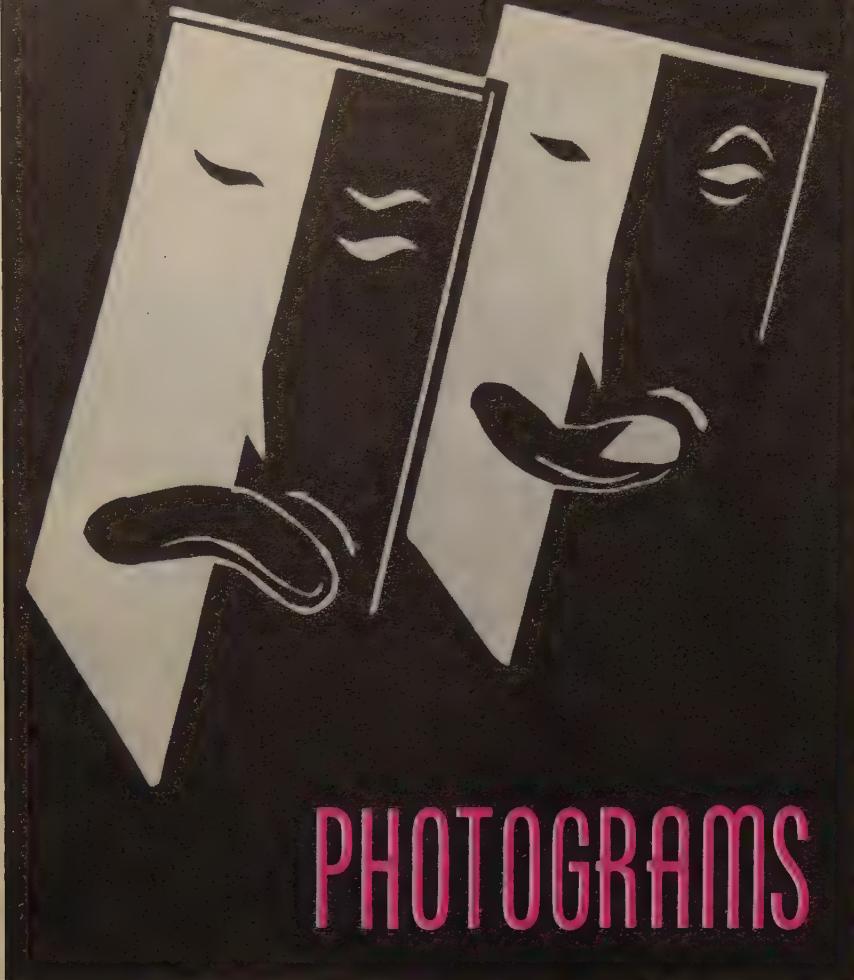
Esther Henderson from Frederick Lewis

who were sick or who needed understanding. We could be a little kinder to each other, perhaps more loving. We could smile more sweetly at our friends, and at strangers, too. Just having helpful friends could make God's work much easier.

What is a holiday, anyway, but a refreshment or recreation! That

is the kind of holiday God wants. He could have it, too, if families would only learn the secret of happy living as their lives are shared in all areas of life.

Our Father: Make us want to help lighten your work; to love more fully; to be more understanding; to be a friend to all around us. Amen.



Photograming a doily shows its fine structural design.

Scissors and paper are the simple, basic tools for photograms.

ANYONE can produce photograms.

They are pictures made without a camera by direct exposure of opaque and transparent objects upon photographic paper.

No previous photographic experience is necessary—only a minimum of materials and a resourceful imagination. If you experiment with such objects as twine, pieces of paper, or kitchen utensils, soon you'll discover that your photograms will mold into any composition, texture, or design that suits your fancy.

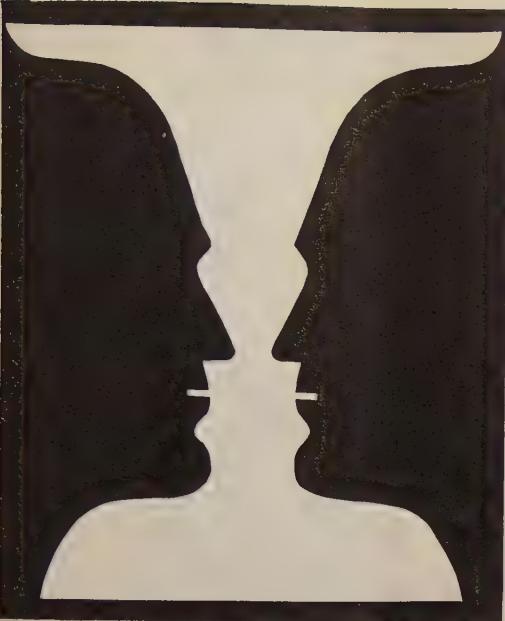
Your production of photograms does not require any complicated equipment or costly materials. For less than two dollars your local photo dealer will supply you with easy-mix chemicals, instructions, and photographic paper with which you can make twenty-five 8×10 photograms.

You can obtain an easy type of photogram by simply placing objects—keys, feathers, costume jewelry, your own hand—directly upon photographic paper and turning on the room light for a few seconds. The opaque objects, not permitting light to pass, leave that area on the paper white, while the uncovered portions of the paper turn black on exposure to light.

In an illuminated room you can compose more complicated designs upon a sheet of clean glass which is later placed upon the photographic paper in the darkroom and exposed to light in the usual way.

The creation of photograms is an ideal occupation for the beginner, as it is for the advanced amateur. It offers an excellent opportunity to develop the creative talents of children. Once youngsters are shown how to obtain a picture almost by magic, the innumerable ideas popping into their minds will keep them well-occupied and out of mischief. Photograms of leaves and ferns, often used as material for illustrated books on natural history, can be hung as

(Continued on page 28)



A sheet of paper, when folded and cut, photograms a chalice or faces. Which do you see?



Glassware makes an attractive, modernistic photogram.



A pencil sketch for the world and the moon, paper cut out for the rocket, cotton for the exhaust, with sugar for the stars, and a rocket flight to the moon is easily done.

story and pictures

by

Michael Kosinski

COLLIE PUP GROWS UP

By Carol Conner

Collie Pup lay on the grass in the front yard, with one of Billy's tennis shoes between his paws. He chewed and chewed on the shoelace. Just as it was almost chewed in two, he heard a noise. His fuzzy little ears stood up straight to hear better.

Then he knew what it was. Billy, Billy's father, and Cocoa, the Big Collie, were leaving for the pasture to get the cows. Collie Pup wanted to go, too.

Dropping the shoe, he ran through the yard. He ran right through a bunch of chickens. They squawked and flapped their wings and ran in all directions screeching.

Collie Pup reached Billy and his father and Cocoa. He was so excited he ran around and around Billy's feet, nearly tripping him. He jumped against Billy's father's legs. Billy's father said sternly, "Down, Collie Pup!"

"Go back!" said Billy, pointing to the yard. "You can't go with us to get the cows. Remember what happened last time? Go

back, Collie Pup!"

Collie Pup remembered. They had all gone to the pasture to drive the cows home. Cocoa moved along behind the cows, not too fast, once in a while barking at their heels. Collie Pup knew that was the proper way to drive cows, but it was much more fun to scamper all around them, even between their feet; so that's what he did. It was fun, until one of the cows kicked him, and he rolled over and over down a big hill. Billy picked him up and carried him home. He gave him milk and a puppy biscuit, but told him, "Collie Pup, you mustn't go with us any more to get the cows. You're too young."

So he couldn't go this time. He slunk back to the yard. Why was he always getting into trouble? Why couldn't he do the important things Cocoa did? Cocoa was such an important dog that he had his own house, built just for him, in the back yard. Collie Pup slept on the back porch in a box padded with soft wool cloths.

Several mornings later Collie Pup awoke to find everything in a hubbub. Bessie Cow hadn't come home with the other cows last night, and this morning she was still missing. Everybody was going to hunt for her—Cocoa, Billy, his father, even his mother. Everybody was going except Collie Pup.

"It's time for Bessie Cow's calf to be born," Billy told him. "So it's very important to find her. You play in the yard, and I'll be home whenever we've found Bessie Cow."

Collie Pup sat down and watched them go. As soon as they were out of sight, he trotted to the orchard, where he knew a shortcut to the pasture. He wanted to look for Bessie Cow, too. How he wished he could find her all by himself!

He bounced across the pasture, ignoring the dragonflies that he usually chased, not even stopping to sniff at a groundhog's den. He reached the woods. His feet stumbled in the dry leaves, and twigs caught at his soft puppy fur, but on he trotted, looking for Bessie Cow.

Suddenly, he stopped. Ahead of him, in a little valley across the fence, stood Bessie Cow. Beside her, on tipsy new legs, tottered a little red calf that Collie Pup had never seen before. Bessie Cow reached down and licked the calf's head, as though to say, "He's mine. Isn't he a fine baby?"

What would Collie Pup do now? He could drive them home, if only they weren't on the wrong side of the fence. Bessie Cow must have found a hole in the fence, crossed to the other side, and forgotten how to get back. Maybe he could find Cocoa or the others, and tell them to come. But they'd never believe him. They'd think he was playing again and send him home. Collie Pup knew that there was

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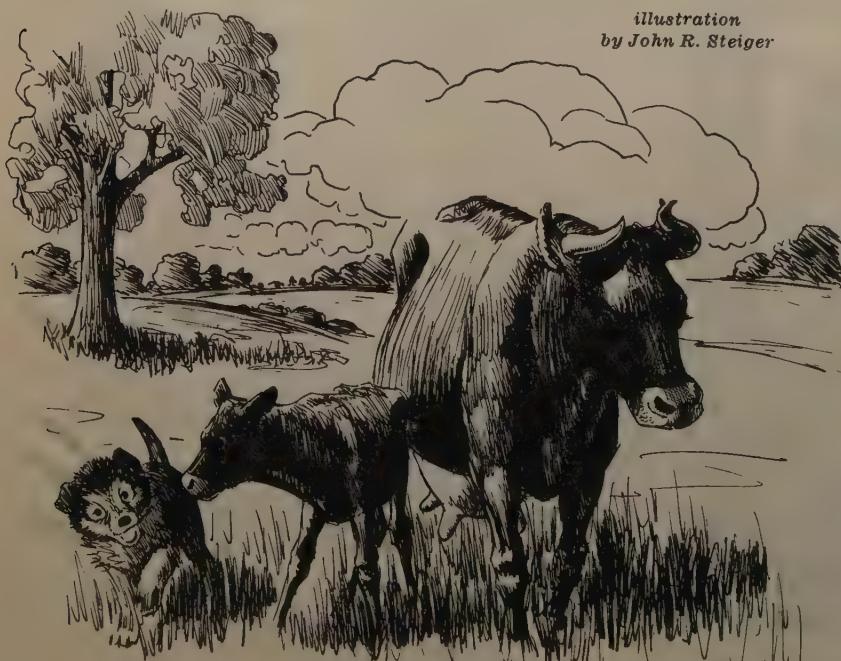


illustration
by John R. Steiger

Worship in the family with children

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

THEME
FOR
JANUARY:

TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

Billy's Feathered Friends

One day Billy's daddy built a bird feeding station. The birds flew into the shelter, pecking hungrily at the sunflower seeds and other good seeds that Billy put there. "They are my friends," Billy said.

One day it snowed. Billy went out to play. He rolled snow to make a snowman. He threw snowballs. Then he heard a twittering at the feeding station. It was partly filled with snow.

Billy raced into the house. "Mother, the feeding station has so much snow in it that the birds can't find their seeds. What will we do?"

"We will shovel out the snow," Mother said.

Mother opened the window. With his little shovel Billy carefully scraped most of the snow from the bottom of the feeding station. Then he placed fresh sunflower seeds and other food in the cleared space.

Mother and Billy stood and watched as the first sparrow flew to the station. He sat on the perch, looked at the seeds, and chirped, "Tweet, tweet."

"I guess he is saying, 'Thank you,'" Billy said.

"He is glad for friends who work with God to give him food."

We Are Glad for Friends

Clarence Koch





Philip Gendreau

Many Friends

One may have many different kinds of friends. There are pets which we sometimes think are our best friends. Boys and girls who are fortunate enough to live in the country sometimes have animal and bird friends of which they are very fond. Do you have a dog, a cat, a bird, a horse, a calf, a lamb, or some other pet about which you feel this way?

Of course, each of us has personal friends. Some of these are boys and girls and adults who live next door, or on the next street, or on the next block. Some of them live in cities near us or farther away. Sometimes our "best" friends are members of our own families or are classmates at school; or they may be someone we see often, such as each week end when we go to church school, or someone whom we see seldom, such as during summer vacations.

Some children have lived with their families in other countries and have friends there such as the Japanese girls in the bookstand, pictured at the top of this page. Other children always have lived in the same place, but have pen pals in other lands who become dear friends. Through these friends they know about the life, the ways of the people, and how the land looks.

Still other boys and girls know facts about lands they have never seen and persons from whom they have never received a letter. They can tell how the people live, their customs and manners. These friends have been introduced to them by books. The girls and boys have come to know about them, their homelands, their customs, and their families, through reading about them.

Children's Games from Many Lands, by Nina Millen, is one such book. While it explains how to play

many games played by children around the world, it also gives brief glimpses of the people of the country from which a game comes. One also learns that wherever children live, they play games that are much like those which are played by all children, everywhere.

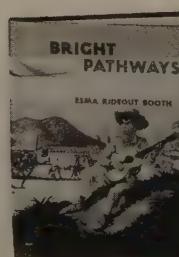
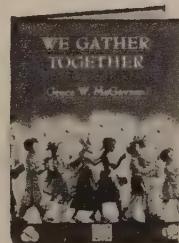
Similarly, *The Whole World Singing*, compiled by Edith Lovell Thomas, shows through songs what the people of many lands think, what they hope, how they feel and act. One cannot sing these words and hear these tunes without beginning to feel that he knows these people, and that they are his friends.

We Gather Together, by Grace McGavran, is a collection of short stories—many of them true incidents—that tell how persons around the world worship and praise God. You will feel as though you know these persons after you read of their willingness to sacrifice, if need be, and their brave efforts to live in ways that express their praise and worship.

The Singing Secret, by Elizabeth Allstrom, is another collection of stories, based on true incidents, of how children in countries around the world learn about Jesus. One of the ways is "the singing secret." If you are in one of the first three grades of school, you will enjoy this book. Each story is illustrated, making these new friends more real.

Bright Pathways, by Esma Rideout Booth, is still another collection of stories that tell how children in many different countries of the world learn about Jesus. Each story tells of a different way in which the good news about Jesus is told. The persons in these stories will become friends of boys and girls in grades four through six.

Another way in which to make new friends is through the Picture Album, *World Friends Spreading the Gospel*. The sixteen photographs in this album have short descriptions to help you to know the people.



Today Was Like a Christmas Tree

Today was like a Christmas tree—
It was so bright and gay!
It had so much of happiness,
Of joy in every way!

Each day can be a Christmas tree—
Full of surprises, too—
For every day is a special gift
With love from God to you!

How to Have Friends

Be friendly
Be courteous
Be thoughtful
Be kind
Be generous
Be considerate
Appreciate each person's worth
Appreciate each one's contribution
Express your appreciation

An Evening Prayer

Thank you, dear God, for every joy
That I have had today:
The lovely world; my favorite toy;
Friends near and far away.

I thank you for my pleasant home,
And food to keep me strong;
For clothes that keep me snug and warm;
For play the whole day long.

And now I pray as this day ends
That all around the world
The children everywhere—my friends—
May know the joys I've known.

—J. B. C.

FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

Call to Worship: He made from one every nation of men to live on all the face of the earth.

—Acts 17:26.

Song: Choose one of the following: "The Many, Many Children," from the Primary pupil's book, Year One, Spring Quarter, page 16; "Children of One Father," from the Primary pupil's book, Year One, Spring Quarter, page 22; "Round the World," from the Primary pupil's book for Year Two, Spring Quarter, page 14; "Lord, I Want to Be a Christian," from the Primary pupil's book for Year Two, Spring Quarter, page 28.

Poem: Use one of those printed on this page or choose one of the following: "Children of the World," from the Primary pupil's book, Year One, Spring Quarter, page 28; "I Like to Think of Jesus," from the Primary pupil's book for Year Two, Spring Quarter, page 12; "Go Into All the World," from the Primary pupil's book for Year One, Spring Quarter, page 34.

Meditation: Choose ideas from those given on the opposite page or plan your own meditation around the thought of friends around the world.

Scripture: Read John 13:34-35 and Luke 6:31, in this order.

Song: Choose another from the list given above.

Story: Have the children look at one of the pictures of persons from other sections of the world that appear on this page and on the opposite one, and then make up their own story about them as though they were personal friends. The story then may be told to the family as a part of the worship service.

Prayer: Use the "Evening Prayer" which appears on this page, pray your own prayer, or use the following: "Dear God, thank you for all your children everywhere. Help me always to show friendliness to others, and to expect it from them. Amen."



RNS

**Study Article and Guide
for Parents' Groups**

by

Jesse M. Wester

One day recently my twelve-year-old son heard me making an appointment with some friends to visit us on a Friday evening. When I had finished the conversation, he remarked, under his breath, "Daddy, does it have to be on Friday night?"

"Why, yes," I said. "What is wrong with Friday night?"

"Nothing is wrong with it," he said. "It's just that I thought Friday night was our night."

This brief conversation between me and my son did two things. First, it gave him an opportunity to express how he felt about something that had become a vital part of our family life. A child often speaks because he wants recognition. That was not true in this case. This time he spoke up because he was concerned lest he be forced to give up something that meant much to him personally. Up to this time we had never given much thought to this phase of it.

Someone will say, "Of course we live together." By this he means living in the same house, under the same roof; but being under the same roof does not mean a "togetherness," a oneness, or even unity in a remote sense of the word. Any minister, physician, or family counselor knows that the majority of those who seek his advice have never found the security and satisfaction of a creative family life. Many homes live in an atmosphere which is little more than a boarding-house pattern. The members live in the same house, eat at the same table, use the same living room, but other than that there is no feeling of an essential unity which produces security and creative activity. In such a pattern of home life it is inevitable that little Johnny's shyness will be misunderstood and Mary's temper will be overlooked. Mother will feel inadequate to cope with the problems, and father will find it more pleasant to spend the evening elsewhere. We have learned that such a situation will not improve without a conscious effort to find a remedy. When parents seldom see each other, and children never see them together, it is obvious that the family cannot long survive as a strong unit. It becomes necessary to plan definite projects to provide for family and group activity. Let me suggest several ways in which such activity can be found.

Family Night: One of the most practical ways for the family to get together is to adopt the plan of Family Night. What this means is simply that one night during the week has been set aside for activity

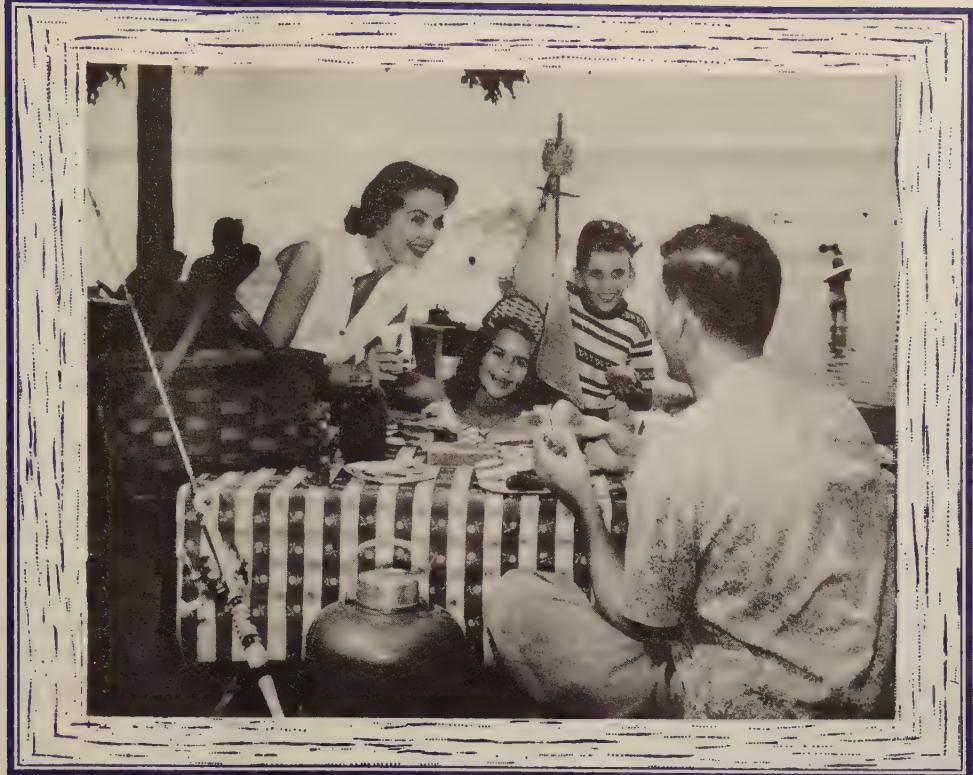
The Family Can Live Together

Perhaps we had never realized that this was true, and that in his rebellion he was giving expression for three other children in our home, ages fifteen, nine, and six. It produced the other result. It caused us to sit down and to appraise our efforts to live together as a family unit. It did not take us long to realize that living under the same roof does not necessarily mean living together.

This is a very appropriate season right now for families, as well as individuals, to give some time to serious evaluation. We are between two years. The old one fades away; the new one looms before us. Millions of people will think in terms of last year's successes and failures, of broken promises and New Year's resolutions. It is appropriate, then, that families look objectively at their activities and determine whether they were successful in living together. If not, they have an opportunity to try again. Successful projects in living together don't just happen in the family any more than in other relationships; they are the result of careful planning and determined efforts. Nothing should be left to chance. On the threshold of this New Year we have just such an opportunity to plan, to appraise, and to evaluate.

which will include all of the family. Families which adopt this idea will have to take into consideration the area in which they live, whether it is rural, suburban, or city, the number of children, and their ages. In consideration of the facts the program will be developed. This special night may take on many different patterns.

The summer months afford many opportunities for outdoor activity. Almost everywhere one goes now he finds picnic grounds fully equipped with tables, fireplaces, and playgrounds. Nothing brings more enjoyment than a family picnic. Since it is understood that living together does not mean that the family has to stay at home all the time, this summer season will lend itself to many creative and worthwhile projects. Living together means doing the same things, playing together, sharing experiences, and simply talking together in confidence. Also for those who are more sports minded there are golf links, tennis courts, and swimming pools. For those who want less strenuous things to do there are the straw-hat theaters, little opera groups, and many other things which afford opportunity for the family to live and play together. Of course, such an eve-



This family is having fun and fellowship at a picnic. To survive as a unit the family must share experiences together.

ning never could be brought to an end without a stop at the modern mecca known as the "hot dog palace," or the oasis in the modern desert, the ice cream stand.

In the winter months Family Night will be much different. In many ways it may become more creative. Here the family has to come inevitably to grips with the question of television. In spite of everything that the critics say, there are some worth-while programs that are planned for family enjoyment. Without question many of the nights in the modern American home are spent around this modern miracle; but here again is the important thing: The family has another opportunity to be together, to feel the warmth of each other's personality, and to have the feeling of security that produces confidence and serenity.

On these long winter nights there will be occasion for reading together. One of the most satisfying experiences in our Family Night observance has been the reading of a classic or the Bible.

If there is a musical instrument such as a piano, there is a grand opportunity to sing together. One family has four children. The father, who plays the piano, and three children, who play other instruments, have an orchestra. The objective is to create an atmosphere of family unity and co-operation, and every child especially should be given an opportunity to express himself regardless of age or development. In this way the parents have a chance to observe leisurely the aptitudes and talents of each child, and to give encouragement and guidance where it is needed. Here an atmosphere of trust and confidence is created. It was this sort of evening that our boy rebelled against giving up. Wise parents will know how to make this day or night into a special event.

Family Worship: Perhaps nothing else will mean more to a family than participation in family worship. Here again we have the problem of time. Father goes to work early. Mother has to meet extra appointments. The children have to be dressed for school, if consideration is given to early morning; but if the family tries, it can make a place somewhere in its busy schedule for a brief period of worship. We discovered that by getting up fifteen minutes early each morning we could solve the problem. Some families find time in the evening; some at other times. One, for example, we know has a period at lunch when the children are home from school. It is never a long session, and usually consists of a verse of a well-known hymn, a brief passage of scripture, a meditation, and a prayer. The children should take part in it by doing whatever they can. It is no platitude to use the phrase "The family that prays together stays together." Here again the family will wish to work out its own pattern. Many helps are available and will be discussed in the study material which follows.

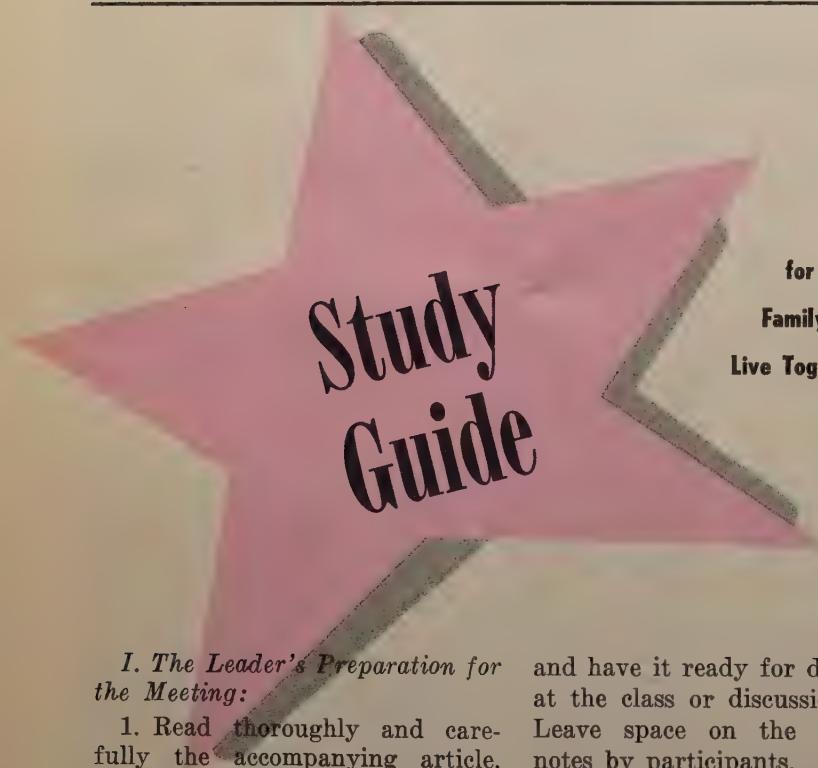
Often family worship leads to other family projects. For example, in a home where family worship was a rule, the scripture that day was the story of the Good Samaritan. That day the little seven-year-old girl went to school as usual. When the class assembled, there was another little girl who was from a new family in the community. She was poorly dressed and gave evidence of being undernourished. On the playgrounds that day something was said which caused this little girl to go home crying. That night at dinner the child who had heard the story of the Good Samaritan said, "Do you think we could be like the Good Samaritan?" The parents agreed they could and should, and after dinner they visited

this new family. There they found not only a poor family but another child who was a victim of polio. Immediate help was given, and also it was agreed to take on the new family as a project in helpfulness. During that whole year they remembered birthdays, holidays, and special occasions. Furthermore, the story was told in school, and the other children took up money for the purchase of a wheel chair for the child with polio. One wonders whether any project would ever have been discovered had it not been for the practice of family worship. It was a truly creative family project which came about as an effort to live together.

Projects in Nature Study: One day last summer I went home from the office and said to the children "Get ready now, and I will take you to see the greatest show on earth." It was a beautiful evening. The countryside was a verdant carpet. The children were excited and expectant when we got into the car and started across the beautiful Pocono Mountains. When we reached the top of one of the highest, the sun was sinking behind the mountain peaks and the tree tops.

Swift flying clouds were high overhead. We stopped. "There," I said, "is the greatest show on earth." Nothing else was said at the moment, but there high atop a mountain range a family had a great experience of outdoor splendor. On our way home our youngest child said, "Daddy, do you think we will ever see anything again as beautiful as that?" I know that neither of us will ever forget. There are many such experiences—walking, nature study, even bird-watching. The important thing to remember is that whatever is done all members of the family should, if possible, be included. Even a visit to a local industrial plant can be very worth while.

We could go on with many such projects—reading, making things in the workshop, projects in art, and even family drama, all of which could become a great asset in developing character, security, and creativeness in the family. Hardly a family could be found which does not have occasion for such. Somewhere in the busy schedule of modern living the wise parents will find projects through which the family can work and live together.



Study Guide

I. The Leader's Preparation for the Meeting:

1. Read thoroughly and carefully the accompanying article, "The Family Can Live Together." If possible, well in advance of the study session, arrange for each parent, or couple, to have a copy of the article. If the families of the church do not subscribe generally to *Hearthstone*, write to the editor and ask for several copies which may be distributed to those who are to assist in the study period. These could be passed around in the young adult class or fellowship.

2. Make an outline of the article

and have it ready for distribution at the class or discussion session. Leave space on the sheets for notes by participants. Have pencils available for everyone.

3. Visit the public library. The librarian will be glad to assist in finding books and articles on the subject of the family. Examine the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*. This publication will carry under the title "Family" all of the articles that have appeared in the magazines within the past year. Read one or two of these if possible. In reading note the large number of secular maga-

zines that are carrying articles on family life.

4. Visit also the church library. Ask your pastor to recommend several books which he thinks are outstanding in the field. It might be wise, also, to talk with the pastor along the line of family life. He is constantly counseling with many people. Without becoming involved in asking personal question find out what he thinks are some of the paramount questions of the day. Ask him what are some of the most often discussed problems.

5. If there is in your town or community a branch of the Family Aid Society, talk with the executive. Perhaps no other person in the community is better qualified to give some direction along the line of families living together and their basic reasons for not having creative and wholesome family relationships. Write to the Family Aid Society, Rerick Building, Scranton, Pennsylvania, and ask for copies of *The High Cost of Unhappy Living*. (1954)

6. Check the facilities in the room where the group will meet.

7. Arrange to have a blackboard handy. Check with your church school librarian (or superintendent) and ascertain whether your church subscribes to *The Secret Place*. If possible have copies for distribution at the general meet-

ng which is being planned.

8. Some recommended books are *Growing Together in the Family*, Wood. Abingdon Cokesbury, 1935. *The Family Lives Its Religion*, Wieman

A Prayer a Day, Marguerite Harmon Bro

II. The Session:

1. When each person or couple arrives, see that a copy of the mimeographed outline of the article is given out. When the group assembles, the leader will then discuss the salient points of the article. Since several members have already read it, she might have one or two prepared to remark on certain points as the class discussion progresses. Have

it clearly understood that the members may interrupt the session at any point. So often if someone waits until the end to ask the question, the point may be forgotten.

2. On the blackboard arrange two columns. In one write: "Things Our Family Did Together in 1955." In the other write: "Possible Projects for 1956." These listings will no doubt prove very revealing.

3. Have the members of the group stand and recount some of the very specific projects which their families have undertaken. Old-fashioned prayer meetings used to have sessions where their members gave testimonies. The leader here might say just that, and encourage the group to give

testimony to a very worth-while endeavor.

4. If it can be arranged ahead of time, have one of the couples present demonstrate how they have family worship. They might sit around a small table and actually read the material which is available for family worship. In each issue of *Hearthstone* there is a section of "Aids to Family Worship." Also *The Secret Place* is a wonderful guide for the meditation. These materials might be emphasized in the meeting.

5. Here are some questions which might serve as starters.

a. Is it possible for modern families to adjust their schedules to include such things as group play,

(Continued on page 31)

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find the filled pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

A This one takes what doesn't belong to him -----

110 11 26 36 9

B Vegetables for picnic salad -----

67 19 1 91 31 21

C House for a redskin -----

116 28 17 49 128

D Branch of a tree -----

55 112 81 23 136

E Person who takes long walks -----

33 46 122 106 74

F Little angel -----

121 58 5 15 98 97

G Low in price -----

107 63 44 133 105

H Subjects for the pastor's sermons -----

100 94 104 42 129

I This is necessary in sewing -----

32 65 38 3 109 16

J Many times -----

114 27 137 103 88

K Quietly -----

24 59 4 10 25 35

L Light-haired person -----

29 13 126 132 85

M Part of the face -----

47 117 102 79 48

N Bicycle part -----

119 72 64 83 53

O Favorite breakfast drink -----

125 8 41 70 56 68

P To mar or hurt something -----

50 6 127 37 76 73

Q Where to go with rod and reel -----

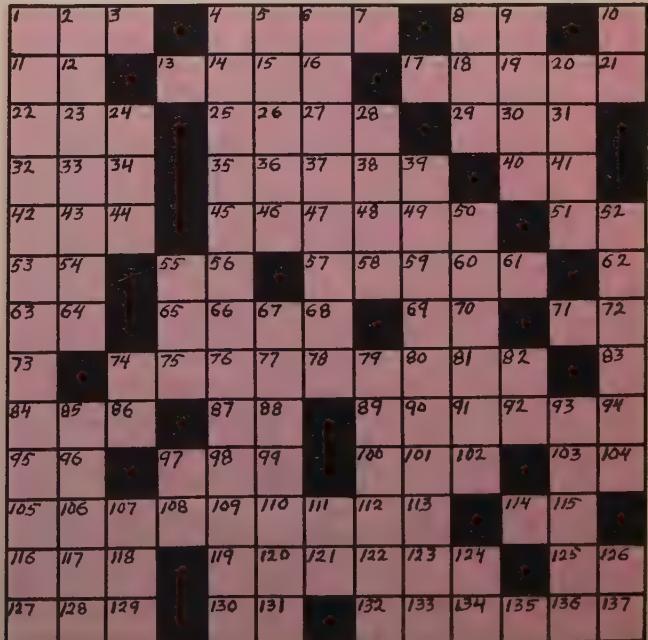
115 52 39 2 87 22 89

R Time for skiing -----

45 111 93 130 12 60

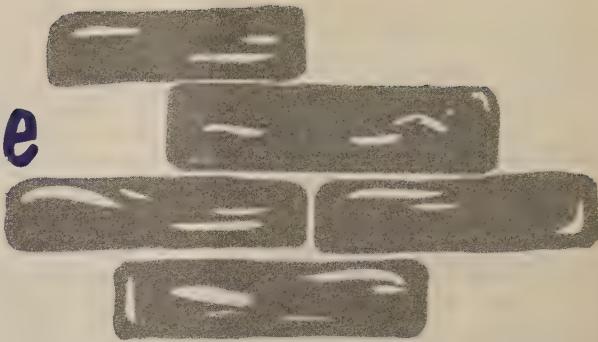
| | | | | | |
|--|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| S Word of greeting ----- | 101 | 118 | 20 | 90 | 80 |
| T To squeeze moisture out of wet clothes ----- | 51 | 18 | 75 | 113 | 135 |
| U One of the poles ----- | 96 | 69 | 30 | 108 | 43 |
| V Noisy ----- | 54 | 131 | 134 | 124 | |
| W Snickers ----- | 61 | 120 | 71 | 99 | 34 |
| X Fires ----- | 82 | 77 | 14 | 66 | 78 |
| Y Pelted with stones ----- | 86 | 62 | 40 | 84 | 123 |
| | | | | | 57 |

(Solution on page 28)



The Home I'd Like

Three teen-age girls have collaborated in writing this article about the kind of foster home that they would like to live in, if they could.



by Darlene —

I wonder what it would be like to live in a foster home. I have known girls who have had this experience, and it has not been a happy one. Either they ran away from their foster home, or they got into trouble. Why? Was it the girls' fault, or were the foster parents to blame?

The complaint I have heard most often is that the foster parents just don't seem to care enough about the girl. The need for love is born in all of us. No matter what a child's religion may be, regardless of her race, or whether she is rich or poor—she needs love, above all things. She needs to feel that someone is standing beside her to help her along the long hard road that seems to be life. Therefore, I think that when foster parents take a child into their home, they should make every effort to treat the child the same as they do their own children. They should be very careful not to show any partiality, either in giving the child work or pleasure or affection.

Another complaint I have heard about foster parents is that they are too strict. Since I have never lived in a foster home, I don't know just what to say about this, but in all fairness to the parents I must say that naturally the foster child should expect to have some rules set up for her, which would concern dating during the week and over the week end. During the week I think the girl should be in at ten or ten-thirty, and on week ends she should be allowed to stay out until eleven and for a special party or dance until twelve or one o'clock. After school it should be all right to stop for a soda with friends, but she should be home in time to help with dinner. Dates three or four nights a week, including the week end, should be enough for the average girl in her teens.

There should be discipline for disobeying these rules. By this I do not mean physical punishment, but a girl should expect to be put on restriction. How long she should be on restriction depends entirely on the wrong she did. Also, the restriction should not be too severe—just enough to show the girl that she must obey.

On the other hand, I think the parents might give some extra privileges once in awhile for good be-

havior. Something like allowing the girl to have one or two of her friends stay with her over the week end, or having a party at which the girl could be allowed to stay up later than usual. This would help to show her that the parents love and trust her.

All children should have a pet of some kind, particularly a foster child, as it gives her an interest and an attachment. If the family lives in a small town, they might easily keep a dog or a cat. If they live on a ranch or farm, they could provide a wider choice of animals. A horse is an ideal pet, and this would help the girl learn responsibility by having to care for it, besides giving her much pleasure.

Money is an important item in all family life. I think that parents should give the foster child an allowance, but she should earn it by working for it. Keeping the house clean, doing the dishes, sometimes working in the yard are all things young people can do, and they feel better about doing them if they are paid. Most allowances are usually one or two dollars a week, but this would depend on how much the parents could afford.

If I were going into a foster home, I wouldn't expect the house to be large, modern, or even expensive. I would want a nice comfortable place that "felt" like home, and if possible I would like to have a room of my own. It's nice to have a place where you can be alone once in awhile and where you can do your homework without interruption. I would like to be able to hang my pictures where I wanted them—arrange my knickknacks, and even change my furniture around as often as I liked.

Some people think it is not important for a teenager to have her own room, but I think it is. It is a proud feeling when some of your friends come over to be able to say: "I have my own room. Would you like to see it?"

Girls who have gone to foster homes have told me that they usually feel lonely and afraid. The parents should help them in every way to overcome their loneliness and fear and try to reassure them.

These are my thoughts on a foster home and how I would like it to be if I had to live in one.

by Muriel

I think the ideal foster home should have a father, a mother, and no children. I have heard from girls who have lived in foster homes that when there are children in the family, they are favored, and this makes the foster child feel strange and unhappy.

I would want a fairly large house and my own room that I could decorate with blue curtains and blue rugs. In my room I would like a dresser, a desk, and a nice comfortable bed and chair—a roomy closet, and a radio. I would also like about four wall plugs in various parts of the room so that I could change my lamps and my radio around at times. Everyone must have some variation in life, and if you don't get to go on many trips or if you are not allowed to go out often, it gives you a lift to be able to move your furniture around.

I would hope that my foster parents would trust me and not watch me like a dog, and when I went out on a date, I would not want them to ply me with questions when I came back.

I know one girl who is in a foster home, and if they are all like hers, I am glad I do not have to live in one. There are three other children besides herself. She would like to go to see her mother occa-

sionally, but each time she asks, her foster mother refuses. She is strict with her and criticizes her friends and tells her to stop seeing them.

The foster father is a very kind man, though. He treats the girl as though she were one of the family and takes her out with the other children to shows and other pleasures. He also gives her an allowance of a dollar each week, but sometimes the foster mother takes it and pays it back to the girl later.

I think this foster home may be an exception, however, as I have talked to other girls who have lived in foster homes where the parents have been considerate and have treated the foster child exactly the same as they have their own children.

In this state the foster parents are allowed sixty dollars a month for keeping a child, which in the present day is not much. Every three months they are given forty dollars to buy clothes for the child. Certainly, this is not enough to keep the child well-dressed; so if he has real parents, they should help provide clothes and other necessities wherever possible.

I hope this will be of some help to people who may be considering taking a foster child into their home.

by Elaine

If, for any reason I should be taken from my parents and placed in a foster home, this is the kind of home I would like it to be.

First of all, I would like my foster parents to treat me as though I were one of their own children, and yet I would not have them try to take the place of my real parents. I would like them to be friendly and have a good sense of humor. Someone I could talk to honestly when I have troubles. Someone who wouldn't always be lecturing me or telling me what to do and what not to do. Someone who would trust in me and have enough faith in me to let me use my own judgment once in awhile.

I would like them not to condemn me when I was doing wrong. I would like them to talk to me quietly and explain to me that I was doing wrong and help me to understand why I was wrong.

I think that foster parents should also allow me to choose my own friends, and when I bring them into the house, they should welcome them and make them feel at home.

I am fifteen years old, and I don't believe that I am too young to go on dates with boys. Most girls my age have dates. I also think that on occasion I should be allowed to stay out later than ten o'clock. School dances are never over before twelve, and I think that if some girls can stay through to the end of the party, all girls should have the same privilege.

Also, when I come in after a date, I wouldn't want my foster parents to question me about every minute I had spent away from them. Sure, I think they should know where I have been and what I was doing, in a general way—but there is such a thing as carrying it too far.

I think a girl should help with the housework, whether it is in her own home or with foster parents, but in many foster homes a girl is made to feel that she is a maid who has been brought in just to do the work. Where there are several children in the family I believe the work should be planned so that they take turns with it, or else they should all work together on the task.

I would like to have my own room, but if this is impossible I would like at least a dresser drawer or something where I could keep my personal things.

The problem of handling money seems to be hard for anyone to solve, but even a teen-ager likes to have some feeling of independence. It seems to me that parents should work out some kind of allowance, according to the amount of money they could afford to give each week. In this way I could prove to them that I was old enough to be trusted with money, and if I did spend it foolishly at first, I would soon learn that I was doing so when I deprived myself of the necessary things.

One of the most important things I would want in
(Continued on page 28)

• Share Your Home!

(Continued from page 6)

that you will do it more and more. As you do, your home will be more blessed, and by acknowledging the real owner and your responsibility to him, your home will become more truly yours also.

Then your family can say "This is our home," meaning Christ's as well as their own.

• A Time Party

for the New Year

(Continued from page 9)

important for them to keep. They should not sign their names to them; so later when they are shuffled and read aloud, the young lady whose boy friend resolves to have only red-heads for dates (the young lady being a brunette) will not know she is being given a back seat. These resolutions may be made most amusing with a little thought, and if rhymed, so much the better.

The color scheme can be used in the refreshments by having "devil's food" and white cakes, chocolate and vanilla ice cream, half and half. Or rounds of white cake may be frosted white and the face of a clock sketched on each by using a skewer dipped in black chocolate for making the numbers and hands.

Time will pass quickly at a party of this kind.

• How They Lost Him

(Continued from page 11)

concerned about their boy, and it was too late, I fear, for them. I saw other lost boys, too.

I believe that when a boy begins to enter the teen age, he needs, more than any other one thing, a sympathetic, understanding, and wise father; and I found the opposite in the case of this lost boy.

The father is a businessman who believes business is about everything anyone should ever be interested in. At least, he once thought so. Now, however, that this once overlooked boy of his own has left home and apparently is lost, he seems to be sobering up from his wild, intoxicated spree of money getting just for the sake of money.

I think he is now beginning to see after it's too late that a boy is worth more than business. He is now spending his money to find his boy, and would, I'm sure, give all he has to have that boy back with him.

He confessed to me the folly of putting his business first, and his boy second. He now sees, too, that had he spent some money in making the home life of his boy more pleasant, he would have saved the money he is now spending in a futile search to find him. Had he given more time to his boy and less to his business, he might have saved

both. Now with his boy gone, his business gives him little or no pleasure.

When I left the gray-haired father, his eyes were wet, and his hands trembled. It was a new, terrible experience for him. The community, too, was shocked over the loss of this boy whose father was a prominent and well-liked citizen. Nobody, however, seemed much concerned about the many boys still there and lost to the better things of life.

I noticed the father is growing old prematurely, and the mother has lost interest in her house. This is not an isolated case. The same thing is happening in many homes. In this country today there are more than fifty thousand boys between the ages of fourteen and twenty, who are drifting, lost to all intent, in that their parents know

It's a fact:

The word "calm" literally means "without heat."

nothing of their whereabouts. I am sure that many of these drifters have left homes much like the one I visited.

Having lived with boys most of my life, I have found that the average, normal boy is about the most sensitive creature on earth in spite of his outward show of strength and power. He is also independent even when he has nothing; proud in spirit and yet with feelings so easily wounded.

Give your best to him by the way of encouragement, sympathy, and understanding, and he will respond with devotion, loyalty, and love. Neglect him by making him second and of small importance, and it's ten to one that you lose him. Advertising for him after he's gone may not bring him back. It hasn't in this case, and it might not in yours, should such an unfortunate circumstance ever come your way.

• Collie Pup Grows Up

(Continued from page 18)

just one thing to do, and he did it. He followed the fence until he found the broken wires. Then he went back for the cow and calf, to drive them through the hole in the fence to the pasture. Bessie Cow's round, brown eyes looked frightened. She remembered how he had barked and snapped and run between her feet before. But Collie Pup remembered how Cocoa drove cows and tried to do it in exactly the same way. He was careful not to hurry them too much because the little new calf couldn't walk fast, and was so wobbly that it might tip over if he frightened it. Going home took a long time, and Collie

Pup felt more grown-up every minute. Finally, when they were near the barnyard, he saw Billy's father.

"Well, what do you know!" he exclaimed. "Here's Bessie Cow with her new calf, and—can this really be Collie Pup?"

He called the others, and as soon as Bessie Cow and her calf were safely in the barn lot, everyone talked at once about Collie Pup's good work. They patted him, and he wagged his tail so hard his whole body wagged.

Billy went to the shed and got an armload of new pine boards. "Come, Collie Pup," he said. "Come to the back yard with me. I'm going to build you a fine new dog house, all your own. And it's going to be just as big as Cocoa's."

• The Home I'd Like

(Continued from page 27)

my foster parents is that they would not keep reminding me of mistakes I had made in the past—but have faith in me and hope in my future.

May I say that if there were more homes like this, there would be less need for any foster homes.

• Photographs

(Continued from page 16.)

decorative pictures in the children's room.

It does not take much time to imagine appropriate objects for photographs. Shortly, almost anything in the house will be marked for a potential photograph, and soon you will become an expert in the selection of forms and the appreciation of the results.

The opportunities, you'll find, are unlimited.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

Biblegram on page 25

SOLUTION: "The fear of the LORD prolongs life, but the years of the wicked will be short. The hope of the righteous ends in gladness, but the expectation of the wicked comes to naught." (Proverbs 10:27-28)

The Words

| | |
|----------|-----------|
| A Thief | M Cheek |
| B Potato | N Wheel |
| C Tepee | O Coffee |
| D Bough | P Damage |
| E Hiker | Q Fishing |
| F Cherub | R Winter |
| G Cheap | S Hello |
| H Texts | T Wring |
| I Thread | U South |
| J Often | V Loud |
| K Softly | W Titters |
| L Blond | X Shoots |
| Y Stoned | |



Family Counselor

I HAVE to be away from home much of the time. My problem is not so much with the relationship between daddy and the children as daddy with his wife. While I am for the children learning to do things on their own and venturing out into new experiences, her ideas seem to be limited to only a few things around home such as sitting down and reading a book.

Boys four and six, and girls twelve and sixteen of course make a very busy life for a woman. I can appreciate that, but at the same time I have tried every conceivable way with money, privileges, and praises, to encourage our girls to develop their talent for music because they are both very talented. They sing together like two little birds but in public they are scared rabbits. They can both play the piano, but will they keep it up? Their interfamily relationships are fine if not above average, but I would much rather they would be quarreling sometimes if it would mean that they would be becoming a little ambitious. "Men do not put a candle under a bushel but on a candlestick."

WOULD you permit me to suggest that perhaps you are a bit too ambitious for your children whereas your wife may not be ambitious enough for them? If this is true, your situation is not a case of one being right and the other wrong; both of you have some "merit on your side!" It may be, therefore, that you and your wife need calmly to face your differences of opinion and reach a compromise solution. In the meantime, it may be well to keep in mind the following:

1. Children who have natural skills and abilities certainly should be encouraged to develop them. This development, however, should not be at the expense of other phases of development.

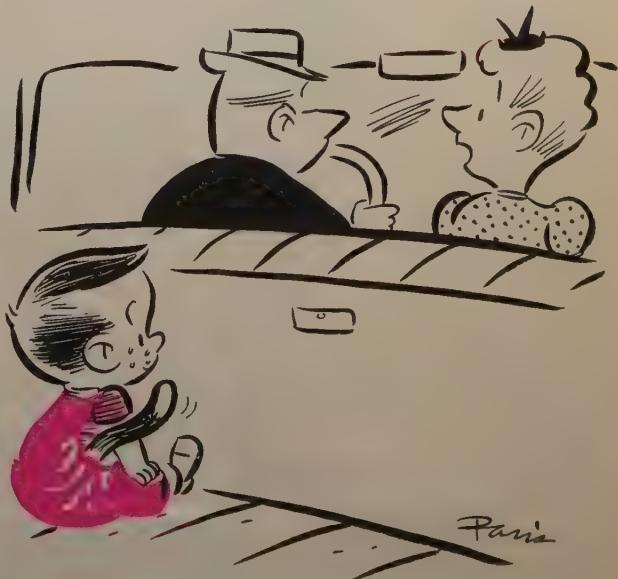
2. It is possible for parents unduly to urge children to "show off" their talents. You know what I mean: the parent who, every time company comes, wants his children either to play the cornet, recite a piece, or show something they have made.

3. Many children who do well before a family audience are scared, as your children are, before an audience. Sometimes this fright is caused by the realization that their parents are expecting almost perfection from them and they are afraid they will bring disappointment to them. If your children are

taking music lessons, why not be guided largely by the suggestions of their teacher with respect to public appearances? Music recitals are not as numerous as they once were, but they still exist and perhaps your daughters can participate in one. It is especially important, furthermore, that you do not ridicule your girls when they are frightened, or to exclaim, "I can't understand why you get so scared in public when you do so well at home." Such comments increase the tension. Try to create situations in which the girls may like to sing for others, but do not insist upon their doing so. Remember, too, that if your children are finding satisfaction in their music and too much is not expected of them, there is not much likelihood that they will give it up.

Donald M. Maynard

WILBUR



I do hope we didn't leave the cat in the house.

Comfort for the Convalescent

By Dorothy E. Prather

Harassed was surely the word for her! The weary, worried, wistful young mother answered my query about the sick child.

"Oh, I guess he must be getting better, because he is so fussy! He was much easier to care for when he was really sick!"

Haven't you experienced just such a period when your patient began to convalesce? In fact, if you are normal, you have probably felt the same way when you passed the stage where you were too ill to care, and entered the phase where irritation, boredom, and depression conquered.

Those are the days when the many other demands on Mother have to be neglected, when the frustrating knowledge that the work is "piling up" feeds the fire of tension and fatigue.

"Mommy, I wish we had a nice table for my tray, like I had in the hospital," complains the young invalid when his food is served on a table by his bed. Mother is probably muttering that there are other items of hospital equipment that would be acceptable, if Daddy owned an oil well!

Haven't you often wished that you could discover some inexpensive way of making hospital equipment and care possible for your family?

Satisfactory substitutes for hospital equipment may be as close as your basement or storage room. Ingenuity and a few moments of time will pay rich dividends to both the convalescent and you, as practical nurse. When your sick one is comfortable, he is less likely to be demanding and more inclined to amuse himself. A simple back rest is a must.

All that will be needed for this piece of sick-room gear will be a cardboard carton approximately $20 \times 20 \times 18$ inches, with cover flaps, a knife, a strong cord, and a clean cloth to cover carton.

With firm support for the bed-weary back, your patient will want to feed himself. A cardboard bed table is so quick and easy, and what a laundry-saver! It will also double for a play table.

The size you will need will depend somewhat on the age of the patient. The bed table used for eating may easily be covered with oil cloth or plastic material to make it both cheerful and sanitary.

Another use for the indispensable cardboard carton in patient-pampering is for a footrest. Remember how easily you slide down, down, down to the foot of the bed when you try sitting up a bit? A carton, about $14 \times 12 \times 9$ inches placed securely against the foot of the bed, prevents this predicament. (You may use two, if you have small fry in large bed!)

To mitigate the discomfort of the weight of bedding on an injured part, a bed cradle, constructed in the same way as the bed table, will bring welcome relief.

"Oh, my achin' back!" is the usual comment of the home nurse after the patient's bath or back rub. If an illness threatens to be of some duration, do raise the height of the low bed, for the sake of the nurse's back! Several simple

ways of doing this include placing cinder blocks under the legs of the bed, first removing casters, placing the legs in cans of sand or gravel; or making wooden blocks, boring a hole about half way through for the bed leg, minus caster. The wood will need to be of hard lumber that will not crack or split and about $8 \times 8 \times 12$ inches.

You probably won't want to purchase extra furniture for the added supplies needed in the patient's room, but neither can you have it untidy and cluttered. An orange crate covered with a clean huck towel will do nicely. If you don't need it for medications and nursing apparatus, it will be easily accessible for amusement items, saving many steps for mother.

A neat trick for quieting the opening and closing of doors is to attach a piece of soft cloth to the latch, not too thick to prevent the latch from catching. That is a handy one when there is a baby in the house, ill or not!

If you have the opportunity to enroll in a home nursing course, taught by Red Cross representatives, don't miss it. It can be invaluable, both in added skill for the benefit of the patient, and in the serene confidence it gives you.



BOOKS

for the Hearthside

For Children

From Ezekiel to Kathy Ann is a long jump, but you can make it in **Kathy Ann, Kindergartner**, by Frances Dunlap Heron (Abingdon, Nashville, 1955, 128 pages, \$2.00). You remember Ezekiel said, "I sat where they sat." That's what you'll do when you read about Kathy Ann Quick; you'll sit where she sat as a kindergartner in Sunday church school. And will you have fun! Just to listen in on Kathy Ann as she relates her experiences will tickle you pink; but it will also probably cause some of you to squirm if your church school treats kindergartners as unwisely as did the one she first attended. You'll see how progress is made, and then you'll look around to see what you can do to help your church's kindergarten department. This is a sequel to Frances Dunlap Heron's much earlier book, **Betty Ann, Beginner** (only she was just Frances Dunlap then). Children will like it, too, although its implications will be a bit over their heads. By the way, it is attractively illustrated by Janet Smalley.

The subject of No. 89 of the Childhood of Famous Americans' series is Old Hickory's much maligned wife, **Rachael Jackson: Tennessee Girl**, by Christine Noble Govan (Bobbs Merrill, Indianapolis, 1955, 192 pages, \$1.75). Naturally, this is just the story of her childhood, written for girls and

boys who like to read about real people and what happened to them when they were young. This book shows that Andrew Jackson's enemies were more than cruel when they said the things they did of his wife; they were also dishonest. Girls and boys won't be interested in that part of history, but they will enjoy reading this account of life in Tennessee when the nation was very young. The author is well known as a writer of children's books and is a Tennessean herself. Illustrations are by Sandra James.

For Young People

Niagara Falls, famed honeymoon spot, is seen in a different light in **Cannons Over Niagara**, by Harriet Weed Hubbell (Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 1954, 192 pages, \$2.75). It was the center of much fighting with the Indians for many years after our country gained its independence. Eben Basecom, a boy whose father joins the army after his son is captured by Indians and held so long the father thought him dead, eventually manages to escape and finds himself living in the midst of thrilling experiences of continuous danger. Here again the reader is treated to a stirring time in our history but also is shown how a young boy attained a stature of independence and manhood when faced by grim necessity. The

• Study Guide

(Continued from page 25)

creative activity, and family worship?

b. How has the pattern of family living changed within the last twenty-five years?

c. Does television serve as a detriment to family activity, or can it be utilized for drawing the family together? Is the family car useful for this purpose, or is it a detriment? Was family life more wholesome in the "Horse-and-buggy days"?

d. Do families that "pray together stay together" or is it just a smart cliche coined by a Catholic priest? Could it also be paraphrased to say "play" or "work"?

e. Does the group feel that the modern trend of parents taking separate vacations and putting the children in camps is a wholesome one?

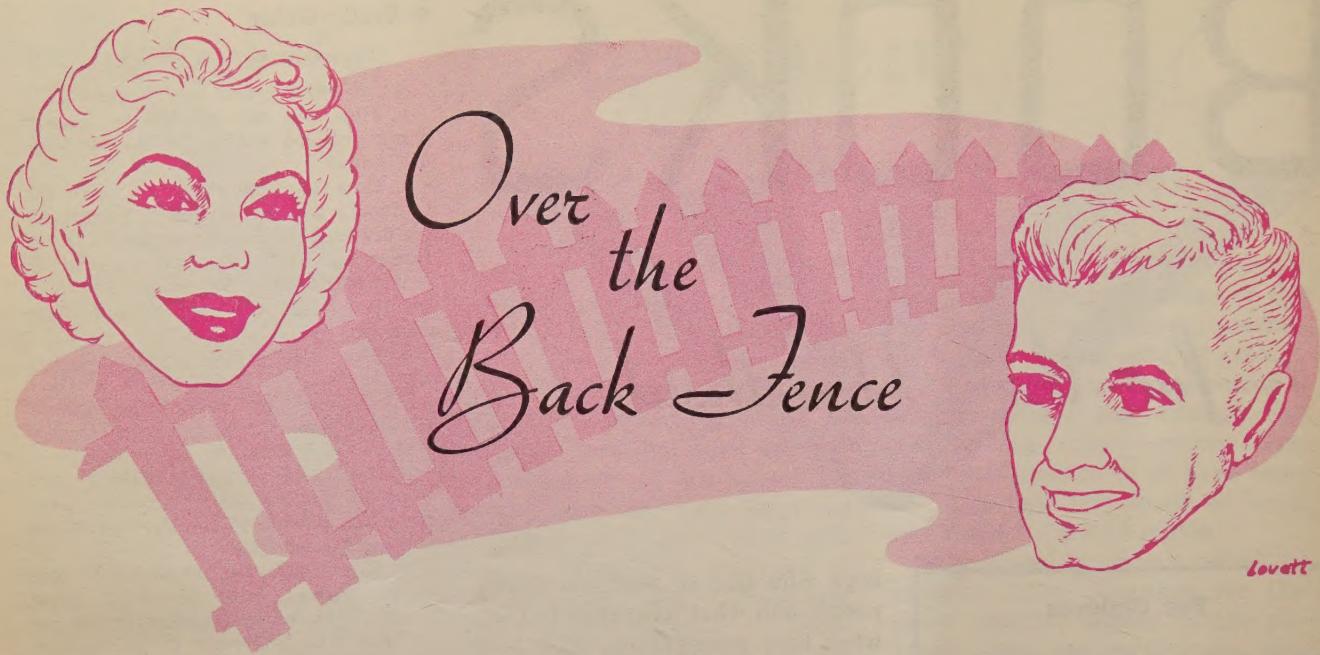
6. This whole program should be concluded with a brief period of silent prayer, followed by a spoken prayer for guidance and leadership in the families for 1956.

It's a fact:

A "stimulus" is literally "a whip."

author is a native of the area and is well acquainted with the background of her story.

That a girl's devotion to her brother can result in troublesome complications is the story of **Green Threshold**, by Mary Wolfe Thompson (Longmans, Green, Inc., New York, 1954, 176 pages, \$2.50). Ginger has resolved to devote her life to Hal, who raised her after the early death of their parents. When they go to Oldchester, Vermont, buy an old house that Hal, an architect, plans to work over and sell, they start a string of experiences that hold both humor and trouble. Ginger, after a long time, discovers that it is not always the best thing to be too nobly self-sacrificing. Hal, after a real struggle, finds health and happiness. Ginger, after a time of rebellious selfishness, is freed of her obsession and discovers a new zest for life. Teen-agers will find this a book that is sympathetic to their thinking.



Over the Back Fence

● The Family—A Continuing Opportunity

The beginning of a new year always reminds us that life continually renews its opportunities for personal growth. So let us think for a moment about a type of opportunity which delegates to the International Sunday School Convention last July called to the attention of the more than two and a half million Sunday church school teachers of our nation.

"God has put before us in the family a tremendous opportunity for Christian teaching," they said.

In other words they pointed out to all of us the fact that the family offers a continuing opportunity for the Christian nurture of persons in the intimate relationships of the home.

The delegates asked all Christian educators to ask themselves two searching questions:

"How can my church aid in the deepening of family life of my community?

"How can the families of our town become the teaching force God wants them to become?"

These two questions sum up the purpose of *Hearthstone* magazine. Every issue endeavors to help families deepen their home life on physical, social, mental, and spiritual levels. Each issue also tries to help families make their Christian witness in the communities in which they live.

Hearthstone believes that it is through the family that we have our best opportunity to communicate the Christian faith and life to growing persons. The church can only provide a supplementary role in the process and offer guidance to parents and heads of families in this essential task.

● 100,000,000 in 1955?

Church membership will probably go over the one hundred million mark when the figures for 1955 are all in.

Figures released for 1954 last September give the total membership in the United States as a record 97,482,611, an increase of 2,639,766 over 1953. So if the rate of increase continues, as it likely did in 1955, the churches are indeed "like a mighty army," in numbers anyway.

What a responsibility this fact throws upon the churches! If their membership now is more than 60 per cent of the total population of the nation, then they should wield a tremendous influence over the life of our country as a force for righteousness, truth, and peace.

A more accurate figure, so far as really active membership is concerned, is in the enrollment of the church schools which totals 37,623,630, of which nearly three million are teachers and officers. A still more realistic figure would be the numbers of church members who practice any vital stewardship of talent, time, and money in the interests of the Kingdom of God.

Hearthstone, while recognizing the problems involved, is optimistic about the growing power and influence of the church. We take the figures with some measure of salt, but we look forward with hope to the increasing witness for Christ which the churches are making.

● Best Wishes to a New Home!

Since *Hearthstone* is a family magazine, it rejoices when one of its staff takes the happy step that begins a new home. On August 27, 1955, Sue Heron, assistant editor, became Mrs. Paul Wollam. This is the first opportunity *Hearthstone* has had to express its best wishes for their happiness.

Hand-Made

Costume Jewelry

by Wanda Waters

Mrs. Illa Beck, like so many other housewives, sat and deliberated one day about ways and means of finding a hobby that would add to the family budget. Since nothing else presented itself as both interesting and lucrative, she joined an evening course in millinery. This, she thought, would at least help her to retrim her old hats in a really professional manner. It did more than that. Naturally, in a classroom filled with women who like to do things with their hands, you find all kinds of ideas about making things, and not all of them concerning only millinery either.

Illa learned that some women were experimenting with the making of costume jewelry with sequins, and since she had no earrings to go with a new dress she had, she decided to make herself a pair. When the special occasion arrived and she got all dressed up to go out, her family oh-ed and ah-ed when they saw her earrings. Her husband thought that they were expensive until she told him she had made them and very cheaply, too.

She took them to class the following week. Everyone thought that they were beautiful! Some of the women decided to make them, too, but a few preferred to have Illa do it for them. They pressed her to tell them what she would charge for a pair. Illa, never having been in business before, didn't know what to say. The teacher, noticing her dilemma, suggested that \$2.00 was not too much to ask for artistic handiwork like that. That evening she came home with six orders. This started her on just the kind of profitable hobby that she had always wanted. She bought the cloth-covered buttons (in desired shapes

and sizes) in the dime store. (They're sold in department stores, also.) These she covered with gold sequins and colored bugle beads, then glued them to earring backs that sell in any dime store for 20 cents. It's all inexpensive, since sequins sell for about 30 cents a yard (in any color). A pair of earrings can be made for about sixty cents.

I saw Illa when she was delivering the last of her Christmas orders. I peeked into her box of wares. The earrings were really lovely, artistically combined in various colors, many in glittering gold, and some just plain silver. She also had bracelets! "How do you make those?" I asked.

"Easy," she said. "I buy some black cloth, sew the sequins on it, and then sew it on a plain wooden bracelet. I sew it together on the inside where it doesn't show. I make some of them in sets, earrings and a bracelet to match. See?"

"What do you charge for a bracelet?"

"I get \$5.00," she told me. "You know, I've made over \$100 already. I'm so glad I discovered this hobby."

"Then there must be a demand for handmade costume jewelry," I said. "But of course, you must have expenses of advertising, etc."

"Oh, no!" said Illa. "My advertising is done only by 'word of mouth,' and I have more orders than I can keep up with. I wish that more women would make their own. I tell everyone interested how to do it. . . ."

New Books for the New Year

HOW TO BUILD A CHURCH LIBRARY and LIBRARY POSTERS

Book by Christine Buder. Tells how to establish a library and how to manage and maintain it. Illustrated. Plastic spiral binding. Also 8 two-color posters with instructions. Guide, posters, and illustrated instructions, \$1.75. Guide alone, \$1.00.

HOW LONG THE NIGHT

By Claribel F. Dick. An account of personal experience; beautifully written, deeply moving. Includes vivid narrative, poetry, humor, Christian insight, and devotional meditations from a hospital bed. A triumph of Christian faith. \$2.00.

HIGHWAYS OF WORSHIP

By Mary Beth Fulton. Companion book to *Moments of Worship* with new resources, Scripture material, poetry for devotional programs, etc. \$2.00.

THE BIBLICAL DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH

Revised edition by William Robinson. Dr. Robinson recognizes that progress toward ecumenicity depends largely upon reaching a common ground concerning the ministry and sacraments and that there must be an agreement on what the "church" is before this common ground can be reached. \$3.00.

THOU DIDST SAY UNTO ME

By Gertrude Brox. Called to India after her prayers for recruits, the author passed away in service. Comforting, thoughtful meditations, poems and prayers live after her—a touching memorial and an inspiration to others. \$1.00.

INDIA TODAY!

By Jack Finegan. A concise, objective account of India as it is today, illustrated with 50 fascinating photos! Begins with the geography and its effects on the people, Indian fight for independence, religions, etc. \$4.25.

THRU THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR

By Frank Elon Davison. This illustrated book is as friendly as a fireside chat, uplifting as a hymn and entertaining as can be . . . story of a minister's life. \$2.00.

OUR CHILDREN AND EVANGELISM

By Phillips Henderson. Shows evangelism as the church's task for and with children. Keeps before the readers the child's need for affection, understanding, Christian nurture. 50 cents.

EVANGELISM IN THE SUNDAY CHURCH SCHOOL

By Kenneth L. Cober. Interprets educational evangelism. 50 cents.

CHRISTIAN UNITY AND DISCIPLES OF CHRIST

By W. E. Garrison. The most pertinent facts on ecumenicity from the 1954 Second Assembly of the World Council of Churches. A contribution to any denomination's desire for Christian unity. Condensed and carefully interpreted in one book. \$3.00.

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